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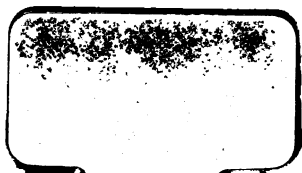
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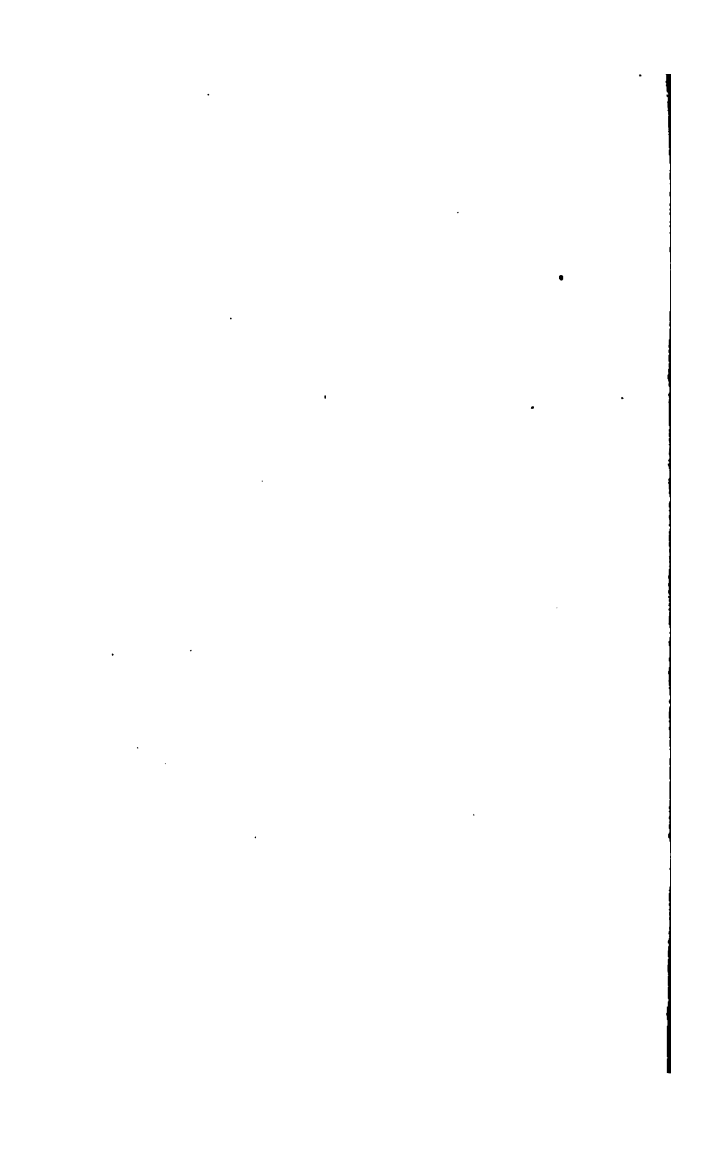
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CHRISTIAN PRAISE,
BEING
A Selection
OF
PSALMS, HYMNS, & SPIRITUAL SONGS,
FOR THE
DISCIPLES OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

“ Sing ye praises with the understanding.”

A NEW EDITION.

London:

HALL, VIRTUE, AND CO. PATERNOSTER ROW,

AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1853.



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The hymns of a Christian community are often read as well as sung, by every Christian. It is essential, that they should embrace the marrow and fatness of the Gospel, as exercises of the heart on all themes of Christian knowledge, faith, hope, and love. A Hymn Book free from sectarianism, has been described as the best substitute for what is usually termed a confession of



ERRATA.

- Preface, page iv. line 6, for "to sinners," read "in presence of sinners," &c.
- Page 84, hymn 51, for "6-8's" read "s. m."
- 99, hymn 15, for "8-7's" read "c. m."
- 116, hymn 44, for "c. m." read "l. m."
- 134, hymn 76, for "11's" read "10's-11's."
- 136, hymn 80, for "c. m." read "s. m."
- 165, hymn 134, for "s. m." read "c. m."
- 233, hymn 261, for "s. m." read "c. m."
- 264, line 6, for "fie," read "fly."
- 288, hymn 355, for "praise the Lord," read "praise *ye* the Lord."

Attention will be necessary in the selection of tunes to the Peculiar Metre Hymns, as, in some instances, the metres would be more properly designated 8's and 7's, &c. than 8-7's, which is generally adopted.



PREFACE.

FOR some time, a revised and enlarged Edition of Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, for Christian worship among the disciples of Jesus in Great Britain and her distant colonies, has been much wanted, especially by those who have been recently converted to the truth. To simply reprint either of the former Editions, would receive the approval of but few brethren; and, therefore, a New Edition was deemed indispensable.

Having devoted considerable attention to the subject, and having before us, not only our own books, but copies of the most evangelical Psalmodies of this country, as well as the revised and enlarged Hymn Book recently published by our brethren in the United States, we undertook, by request of the brethren, this responsible work.

We believe that the divinely-inspired Book of Psalms, in connection with the records of the New Testament, supply a perfect standard, both as regards language and sentiment, for all hymns of praise; retaining in mind, of course, the difference of dispensation between that under which the Psalmist wrote, and that under which it is our privilege and happiness to live.

The hymns of a Christian community are often read, as well as sung, by every Christian. It is essential, then, that they should embrace the marrow and fatness of the Gospel, as exercises of the heart on all themes of Christian knowledge, faith, hope, and love. A Hymn Book free from sectarianism, has been described as the best substitute for what is usually termed a confession c

faith—an exhibition of Christian doctrine and instruction. To unconverted persons, a Hymn Book stands next in importance to a sermon or exhortation on the great themes of salvation. If “the Spirit and the Bride say come,” may we not occasionally sing, as well as preach to sinners, the invitations of the Gospel, in which delightful exercise every member of the congregation may unite?

Most of the songs of praise in this volume are given in the plural number. The Christian system, in its developments and enjoyments—in the prayers, praises, and sympathies which it inspires—is both singular and plural, embracing the whole family of man; and we considered it best to retain this distinction.

Should any unconverted persons feel that they cannot sing many of these hymns, the consciousness of their incapacity should cause them to examine into the reasons, and lead them to seek instant and entire conversion to God (Acts ii. 38, iii. 19, xvii. 30, xxii. 16.)

INTRODUCTION TO THE AMERICAN EDITION.

“Teach and admonish one another in psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with gratitude in your hearts to the Lord:” so Paul exhorted the Christians to whom he wrote letters. What was precisely intended by *psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs*, has often been inquired after, but not often satisfactorily answered.

The result of our inquiries upon this subject is as follows:—1, Psalms are historic compositions, or poetic narratives.—2, Hymns are songs of praise, in which the excellencies, glories, and gracious acts of some persons are extolled.—3, Spiritual songs are either songs, the matter of which was immediately suggested by the Holy Spirit; or sentimental songs, composed on the divine communications to man.

Spiritual songs embrace a wider range of subjects than both the former; for such songs as are of a *mixed*

nature, partly psalms and partly hymns, may be ranked among those which are called spiritual songs.

Other compositions, both in Scripture and elsewhere, have been called *psalms*, which do not exactly correspond with the true import of this word in its ancient usages. The reason is obvious: the first psalms being all, or chiefly, of one species of poetry, other songs in the same kind of verse were called by the same name, because of a coincidence in poetic measure, though they were quite different in substance and design. In one sense, the design of all sacred poetry is the praise of God. Hymns directly address God in praise; psalms and spiritual songs indirectly praise him, and are sometimes specially designed for the edification of men.

The general design of all religious worship is, to praise God and to edify men. But sometimes we sing for the purpose of praising God; on other occasions, for the information or edification of men. In the former case, we sing hymns; in the latter, psalms or spiritual songs—as best adapted to our end in view.

Such is the plain and obvious difference between psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs; which ought to be, in some measure, apprehended by all who feel any obligation upon them, arising from the command of the apostle. In singing any of them in the presence of others, we, in some measure, may, and often do, contribute to their edification.

No exercise of social worship is more delightful, solemn, or sublime, than singing the praises of the Lord. And when we address him in sacred song, care should be taken that the substance and form, or the matter and manner of our song, be such as will be acceptable to him.

Seeing, then, that we ought to sing psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs; and seeing that the matter of them ought, as well as the manner of our prayers, to be according to the revelation of God; we proceed to make a few brief remarks on the selection or com-

position of our psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs. And here we observe, that sectarianism and a speculating philosophy have contaminated the fountains of this, as of every other part of Christian worship. Our hymns, our tunes, and our manner of singing them, are inspired with the spirit of our speculating and schismatic systems. Our Christian psalters are in general a collection of every thing preached in the range of the system of the people who adopt them. In other words, they are our creed in metre, while it appears in the prose form in our confessions.

This, we presume to say, is founded upon an idea that we are to praise God by singing our *opinions* and our *controversies*, as well as the works, and wonders, and excellencies of the Lord our God. To examine this assumption, it is necessary to inquire, *Who is worthy of our song?* And briefly we shall reply as follows:—

In originating the exercise of singing in the worship of God, nothing more was done than to give direction to faculties before possessed, and before employed on objects unworthy of them. Thus our heavenly Father turns every thing to good account in the economy of salvation. Our tongues, lips, hands, feet, and voices, together with all our more noble powers, are employed in the *new service*. In the *old service* they were all employed as instruments of unrighteousness. Now he consecrates the whole of them to his service, and has graciously conferred the honor upon our hands, feet, and tongues, our lips, our voices, of being employed in his service; and as much to his acceptance as the powers of Gabriel. This is a gracious development of his condescending favor. To think that the great God should give birth to a system of things in which it is possible for the tongue of an infant to achieve honor to his Majesty, as well as the wings of a seraph, is what has long been extolled in heaven and admired on earth. Is it not admirable, Christian reader, that the Majesty of heaven should condescend to employ

the hands and feet, the tongues and lips of infants, to perfect praise? What a system of perfection, that puts it into the power of all to be happy in honoring Jehovah, and which derives a proportional revenue of glory from the finances of a pauper, and the resources of a heavenly principality!

But what we have in view is this: The powers and faculties of the *man* are neither lost nor metamorphosed in the *Christian*. They are all consecrated. They are now instruments of righteousness. We sing now as formerly—the same voice, the same tune—but a different song. And this brings us just to the inquiry, What are the subjects on which *men* are disposed to sing? Love-songs, the praises of heroes, and the triumphs of wars. These are the chapters comprehending the chief topics *deemed worthy of song*. No *man* thinks the weaving of a web, the planting of a corn-field, or the sweeping of a house, worthy of a song. Why, then, have we so many *mean* topics — so many childish and frivolous songs—sung by *Christians*? In consecrating our singing powers, God has not degraded them. He has rather exalted them. Still, the subjects worthy of Christian song are specifically of the same kind as those worthy of the songs of *men*. The *Christian*, as well as the *man*, has his love-songs—the praises of his hero, the Captain of his salvation — the triumphs of his glorious warfare. These, then, are worthy of sacred song. And thus, in general terms, the question is answered, *What is worthy of the Christian's song?* Psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs should, therefore, be founded upon such noble themes. Let the love of God our Father, the praises of the character, and the glories of the achievements of the Captain of our salvation, animate our strains. Let our sentimental songs be of the same exalted character with the subjects of faith, hope, and love; and let not the little, low, selfish, schismatical, and sectarian topics find a place in this sublimest of all exercises

known among men. Let not the rhapsodies of enthusiasm, nor the moonshine speculations of frigid abstraction, characterize what we, as Christians, call the praises of our God :

" To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong."

In order, however, that singing may answer the purposes of edification for which it was designed, attention must be paid not only to the subject-matter of hymns, but to the manner in which they are sung, and the style or character of the tunes employed. The "grave sweet melody," the "joyful strains," and the mournful sounds of "harps hung upon the willow trees," ought to correspond with the meaning of the song and the occasion. To hear a joyful tune sung to the song,

" Why do we mourn departed friends ?"

Or a mournful air to the words,

" Rejoice, O Earth, the Lord is King,"

is so unharmonious and discordant, that half the world feels the incongruity as they would frost in August, or solstitial heat in December. But every approach to these extremes is to be guarded against, as well as the extremes themselves. Hence the necessity of good taste and sound judgment in selecting appropriate tunes for every theme, and for all occasions of this delightful exercise of the understanding and the affections.

Besides the selecting of appropriate tunes, and singing these according to the ordinary rules of music, there are other points relating to the manner of singing deserving of remark. Not only should the words be distinctly pronounced, that the sentiment may be understood by others, but a proper emphasis should be given to such passages as require it. To sing the verse commencing

*" What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,"*

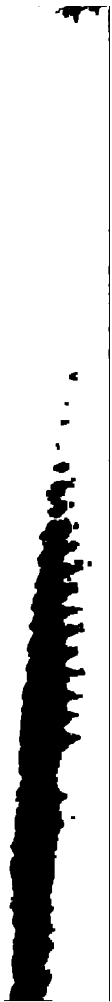
with the same force and expression as the one which immediately follows,

*“ Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,” &c.*

indicates either a deficiency of taste, or that the singer is so engrossed with the music as to be inobservant of the sentiment. When, on the contrary, the former is sung with a soft and plaintive expression; and the latter with a greater degree of energy, the transition leads the mind at once to the sentiment by which it was occasioned, and secures the primary object of the exercise, viz. : edification. This, indeed, it should be borne in mind, is the most important point in relation to Christian psalmody, and every thing else should be made secondary and subservient to the great purpose of singing with the spirit and understanding.

The psalmody and the public prayers of a Christian community are the most unequivocal and infallible exponents of its piety and spiritual intelligence. Indeed, the sacred song and the social prayer are but the express image and living form of the pious emotions, religious taste, spiritual discernment, and holy affections of those who unite in them. If the Christian can best exhibit his faith by his works, he can also most satisfactorily verbally demonstrate his piety and humanity in the praises which he sings, and in the prayers and thanksgivings which he offers.

The Christian Hymn Book, next to the Bible, moreover, wields the largest and mightiest formative influence upon the young and old, upon saint and sinner, of any book in the world. Poetry, and especially good religious and moral poetry, emanates full as much from the heart as from the head, and partakes so much of the spirit of its author, that it insinuates itself into the soul with more subtlety and power than any other language of mortals, either pictured to the eye, or presented to the ear. “Allow me,” said some one, “to write the ballads for a nation, and I care not who



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enacts the laws." Permit me, I also say, to dispense the psalmody of a community, and I care not who dictates its creed or writes out its catechism. If the Hymn Book is daily sung in the family, and in the social meetings of the brethren, it must imbue their souls with its sentiments more than all the other labors of the pulpit or the press.

For these reasons, no book ought to be got up with more religious care and consideration, than the volume of psalmody. No task requires a more cultivated spiritual taste—a more enlarged and comprehensive mind—a more intimate acquaintance with the spirit of the Bible and the hallowed breathings of its saints, than the psalmody of a Christian church.

These considerations have influenced us to repudiate altogether some hymns and songs (though very popular) and to reform others. If we have not every psalm, hymn, and spiritual song which might be sung with acceptance and with propriety, it ought not to be thought a defect in our selection, any more than the not having every flower and shrub in the garden (provided every species be there) should be an objection against the good taste or judgment of the keeper in making his selections. We think we have culled the most useful and beautiful flowers from all the books in use; and if we have not every individual song, we have some of every species of poetry, on every subject which rightfully claims a place in the sacred psalmody of the Christian society.

The reader will be at little loss to decide who is the writer of this introduction. It is worthy of the attentive perusal of the brethren.

J. W.

November, 1858.

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P S A L M S.

THE SAVIOUR.

His Birth.

1

C. M.

AWAKE! awake the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord!
Let every heart and every tongue,
Adore the eternal Word.

That awful Word, that sov'reign Power,
By whom the worlds were made,
(O, happy morn, illustrious hour!)
Was once in flesh arrayed.

Adoring angels tuned their songs,
To hail the joyful day;
With rapture then let mortal tongues,
Their grateful worship pay.

What glory, Lord, to thee is due!
With wonder we adore;
But could we sing as angels do,
Our highest praise were poor.

2

S. M.

BEHOLD the grace appears,
The promise is fulfilled;
Mary, the wondrous virgin, bears,
And Jesus is the child.

The Lord, the highest God,
Calls him his only Son;
He bids him rule the lands abroad,
And gives him David's throne.

T^e announce this love divine,
 Delighted heavenly tongues ;
 Let us with hosts of angels join,
 And loud repeat their songs.
 " Glory to God on high !
 And heavenly peace on earth,
 Good-will to men, to angels joy,
 At our Redeemer's birth."

3

L. M.

BEHOLD the woman's promised seed !
 Behold the great Messiah come !
 Behold the prophets all agreed
 To give this greater prophet room.
 Abrah'm, the saint, rejoic'd of old,
 When visions of the Lord he saw ;
 Moses, the man of God, foretold
 This great fulfiller of his law.
 The types bore witness to his name,
 Obtain'd their chief design and ceas'd—
 The incense and the bleeding lamb,
 The ark, the altar, and the priest.
 Predictions in abundance join
 To pour their witness on his head :
 Jesus, we bow before thy throne,
 And own thee as the promis'd seed.

4

7's.

BRIGHT and joyful was the morn,
 When to us a child was born ;
 From the highest realms of heaven
 Unto us a child was given.
 On his shoulder he shall bear
 Power and majesty—and wear
 On his vesture and his thigh
 Names most awful—names most high.

Wonderful in counsel he,
 Christ th' incarnate Deity,
 Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
 King of Kings, and Prince of Peace.

Come and worship at his feet,
 Yield to Him the homage meet,
 From his manger to his throne,
 Homage due to God alone.

5

P. M.

FROM the regions of love, lo! an angel descended,
 And told the strange news, how the babe was attended;
 Go, shepherds, and visit the wonderful stranger,
 See yonder bright star, there's your Lord in a manger!

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb! who has bled for our pardon;
 We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan!

Glad tidings I bring unto you and each nation—
 Glad tidings of joy—now behold your salvation!
 Then suddenly multitudes raise their glad voices,
 And shout hallelujahs, while heaven rejoices.

Now glory to God in the highest be given,
 All glory to God! is re-echo'd in heaven;
 Around the whole earth let us tell the glad story,
 And sing of his love, his salvation, and glory.

O Jesus! ride on, thy kingdom is glorious,
 Over sin, death, and hell, Thou'lt make us victorious;
 Thy banner unfurl—let the nations surrender,
 And own thee their Saviour, their Lord, and Defender.

6

8-7's.

HAIL, thou long expected Jesus,
 Born to set thy people free;
 Thou from sin and fear released us,
 Make us find our rest in thee.

Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all thy saints thou art ;
 Long desired of ev'ry nation,
 Joy of ev'ry waiting heart.

Born thy people to deliver,
 Born a child, yet Christ the King ;
 Born to reign in us for ever,
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

By thy word and blessed Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone ;
 By thy all-sufficient merit
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

Now we wait for thy appearing,
 From the realms of bliss above ;
 With thy word each other cheering,
 Save us, Prince of Peace and Love.

Mighty God ! Eternal Father !
 Now we glorify thy name ;
 Lord of all created nature,
 Men and angels' noblest theme.

7

C. M.

HARK ! the glad sound, the Saviour's come—
 The Saviour promis'd long :
 Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And ev'ry voice a song.

On him the Spirit, largely pour'd,
 Exerts its sacred fire ;
 Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
 His holy breast inspire.

He's come from heaven with truth and grace,
 God's mercy to display ;
 He's come—the prisoners to release,
 The captives to set free.

He's come—the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure ;
 And on the eye-balls of the blind,
 Celestial light to pour.

He's come—with tidings for the poor,
 Of God's salvation given ;
 To preach on earth th' accepted year,
 The jubilee of heaven.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With thy beloved name.

8

7's.

HARK ! the herald angels sing—
 "Glory to the new-born King ;
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled."

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
 Christ, the everlasting Lord ;
 Christ, the glorious Prince of Peace,
 Christ, the Lord, our righteousness.

Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see !
 Hail, th' incarnate Deity !
 Pleased, as man with men t' appear,
 Jesus, our Immanuel, here.

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace !
 Hail, the Sun of Righteousness !
 Light and life to all he brings,
 Ris'n with healing in his wings.

Mild he lays his glory by ;
 Born, that men no more may die ;
 Born, to raise the sons of earth ;
 Born, to give us second birth.

9

8-7's.

HARK! the notes of angels singing—
 "Glory, glory to the Lamb!"
 All in heaven their tribute bringing,
 Love and praise the Saviour's name.

Ye for whom his life was given,
 Life and bliss to you belong;
 Earth is yours, and also heaven,
 Join the everlasting song.

Saints and angels thus united,
 But a feeble tribute raise;
 Though despised on earth and slighted,
 Jesus is above all praise.

Endless life in him possessing,
 Let us still adore his name;
 Glory, honor, power, and blessing,
 Be to God and to the Lamb.

10

C. M.

MORTALS, awake! with angels join,
 And chant the cheerful lay;
 Love, joy, and gratitude combine,
 To hail th' auspicious day.

In heav'n the rapt'rous song began,
 Of sweet seraphic praise,
 When Jesus in our flesh appeared,
 This fallen world to raise.

The theme, the song, the joy was new
 To each angelic tongue;
 Swift through the realms of light it flew,
 And loud the echo rung.

Down through the portals of the sky,
 The pealing anthem ran,
 And angels flew with eager joy,
 To bear the news to man.

Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
 And glory leads the song;
 Peace and salvation swell the note
 Of all the heavenly throng.

With joy the chorus we'll repeat:
 "Glory to God on high!
 Good will and peace are now complete—
 Jesus was born to die!"

Hail, Prince of Life! for ever hail!
 Redeemer—Brother—Friend!
 Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,
 Thy praise shall never end.

11

6-8's.

O! WHAT a blessed morn,
 That brought the news from heav'n!
 To us a child is born—
 To us a Son is given!
 The sweetest news that ever came,
 We'll sing though all the world should blame.

The long expected morn
 Has dawned upon the earth;
 The Saviour Christ is born,
 And angels sing his birth:
 We'll join the bright seraphic throng,
 We'll share their joys and swell their song.

O! 'tis a lofty theme,
 Supplied by angels' tongues;
 All other subjects seem
 Unworthy of our songs!
 This sacred theme has boundless charms,
 It fills, it captivates, it warms.

Now sing of peace divine,
 Sing of good-will to man;
 No wisdom, Lord, but thine,
 Could form the gracious plan—

Could find a way to save the lost,
 Thyself not ceasing to be just.
 Give praise to God on high,
 With angels round the throne;
 Give praise to God with joy—
 Give praise to God alone :
 'Tis meet his saints their song should raise,
 And give the Saviour endless praise.

12

S. M.

REJOICE in Jesus' birth,
 To us a Son is given ;
 To us a child is born on earth,
 Who owns both earth and heaven.
 He who was born to die,
 The universe sustains ;
 The great Supreme, the Lord Most High,
 The King Messiah reigns.
 His name, the Wonderful ;
 The Counsel for our case ;
 The Father of the eternal age,
 The Almighty Prince of Peace.
 This mighty one we praise,
 Our Advocate above ;
 Who daily in his church displays
 His condescending love.
 Wider and wider still,
 He will his sway extend ;
 With peace divine his people fill,
 And joys that never end.
 Now for thy people's sake,
 O'er earth exalted be ;
 The kingdom, power, and glory take,
 They all belong to thee.

13

C. M.

THE race that long in darkness pined,
 Have seen a glorious light ;
 The people dwell in day, who dwelt
 In death's surrounding night.

To hail thy rise, thou better Sun,
 The gath'ring nations come,
 Joyous, as when the reapers bear
 The harvest treasures home.

To us a child of hope is born—
 To us a Son is giv'n !
 Him shall the tribes of earth obey—
 Him, all the hosts of heav'n.

His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
 For evermore ador'd—
 The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
 The great and mighty Lord.

His power, increasing still, shall spread—
 His reign no end shall know—
 Justice shall guard his throne above,
 And peace abound below.

14

C. M.

SAVIOUR of men and Lord of love,
 How sweet thy gracious name !
 With joy that errand we review
 On which thy mercy came.

While all thy own angelic bands
 Stood waiting on the wing,
 Charmed with the order to obey
 The word of such a King.

For us mean, wretched, sinful men,
 Thou laidst that glory by,

First in our mortal flesh to serve,
 Then in that flesh to die.
 Bought with thy service and thy blood,
 We doubly, Lord, are thine ;
 To thee our lives we would devote,
 To thee our death resign.
 O Captain of salvation ! make
 Thy power and mercy known ;
 Till crowds of willing converts come
 And worship at thy throne.

15

C. M.

THE true Messiah now appears,
 The types are all withdrawn ;
 So fly the shadows and the stars,
 Before the rising dawn.
 Now smoking sweets, and bleeding lambs,
 And kids, and bullocks slain ;
 Incense and spice of costly names
 Would all be burnt in vain.
 Aaron must lay his robes away,
 His mitre and his vest ;
 When God's own Son comes down to be
 The off'ring and the priest.
 He took our mortal flesh to show
 The wonders of his love ;
 For us he paid his life below,
 And pleads for us above.

16

C. M.

WHILE humble shepherds watch'd their flocks,
 In Bethlehem's fields by night,
 An angel, sent from heav'n, appeared,
 And fill'd the fields with light.

"Fear not," he said, (for great alarm
Had seized their troubled mind,)

"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign :

"The heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spoke the seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God ; and thus
Address'd their joyful song :—

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace !
Good-will abound with men below,
That never more shall cease !"

His Baptism.

17

L. M.

ALL glory be to him who came
From Galilee to Jordan's stream ;
There did he sink beneath the wave,
And to his flock a pattern gave.

Glory to him who from on high,
Proclaimed to all, both far and nigh,
That he in whom his glory shone,
Was his belov'd and only Son.

Come, then, with cheerfulness submit
• To this mysterious solemn rite,
On which the heavenly Three combine
To put an honor so divine.

Hence and for ever from my heart,
I bid my doubts and fears depart ;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

22

L. M.

WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What works he did from day to day,
In miracles of power and grace,
To spread salvation through our race.

To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight ;
While constant love and holy zeal,
Shone through his love divinely bright.

He raised to strength the palsied frame,
He healed the sick, he soothed distress ;
And scattering good where'er he came,
He lived to love, he toiled to bless.

Teach us, O Lord ! to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue :
Let love, in acts of kindness done,
Be witnessed by each rolling sun.

Thus, he who marks from day to day,
In gen'rous acts his Christian way,
Treads the same path the Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

23

7's.

WHEN the Saviour dwelt below,
Pity in his bosom reign'd ;
Sympathy he lov'd to show,
Nor the meanest suit disdain'd.

Round him throng'd the blind, the lame,
Deaf and dumb, diseas'd, possess'd—
None in vain for healing came,
All the Saviour freely bless'd.

His Father gave ; he spoke aloud :
 This is my well beloved Son !
 I see, well pleased, what he has done !

20

C. M.

TO Jordan's stream the Saviour goes,
 To do his Father's will :
 His breast with sacred ardor glows,
 Each precept to fulfil.

Behold him buried in the flood,
 (The emblem of his grave,)
 Who, from the bosom of his God,
 Came down a world to save.

As from the water he ascends,
 What miracles appear ;
 God with a voice his Son commends,
 Let all the nations hear !

Hear it, ye fearful and rejoice,
 Let this your courage raise :
 What God approves, be this your choice,
 And glory in his ways.

His Works of Mercy.

21

L. M.

BEHOLD the blind their sight receive !
 Behold the dead awake and live !
 The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
 Leap like the hart, and bless his name !

Thus doth the Holy Spirit own
 And seal the mission of the Son ;
 The Father vindicates his cause,
 While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

He dies ! the heav'ns in mourning stood ;
 He rises by the power of God :
 Behold the Lord ascending high,
 No more to bleed, no more to die !

Transported with this glorious scene,
 The witnesses exclaim,
 'Tis good, Lord, with such guests to dwell,
 Here let us still remain.

Three tents with joyful hands we'll raise,
 And place them side by side,
 For these celestials, and for thee,
 And here let us abide.

While thus they spoke, a cloud descends,
 And takes them from their sight ;
 But Jesus yet remains with them,
 The Father's chief delight.

This is my Son, his voice declares,
 Hear him in all he says,
 Not Moses nor Elijah now
 Shall guide you in my ways.

With joy this more illustrious guide
 Henceforth we'll still obey,
 Till we behold the glorious light
 Of an eternal day.

His Entry into Jerusalem.

25

L. M.

AWAKE, O Zion's daughter ! rise,
 Shake off your dust, no more repine !
 Let gladness sparkle in your eyes,
 In all your fairest garments shine.

Behold your King, expected long,
 In humble state at length appears !
 Amidst yon praising infant throng
 His meek majestic head he rears.

"Hosanna !" thronging myriads shout,
 "Jehovah brings salvation nigh ;"
 "Hosanna !" every babe cries out,
 "Jehovah sends prosperity."

To him who in Jehovah's name
 Draws nigh to save, all praise belongs ;
 The Son of David be our theme,
 And his salvation fill our songs.

Salvation sing to David's Son !
 All blessings sing to Israel's King !
 His kingdom blessed be alone,
 And bless'd the people of his reign.

In all the earth how worthy is,
 O Lord our God, thy glorious name ;
 From infant lips thou perfect'st praise,
 Thy strength, to put thy foes to shame.

26

C. M.

THE Saviour came, no outward pomp
 Bespoke his presence nigh ;
 No earthly glories shone in him,
 To draw the carnal eye.

Fair as a beauteous tender flower,
 Amidst the desert grows ;
 So slighted by a rebel race,
 The heavenly Saviour rose.

Rejected and despised of men,
 He was a man of woe,
 Grief was his close companion still,
 Through all his life below.

Yet all the grief he felt was ours,
 Ours were the woes he bore ;
 Pangs not his own, his spotless soul
 With bitter anguish tore.

They thought he was condemned of heaven,
 An outcast from his God ;
 While for our sins he groaned and bled,
 Beneath his Father's rod.

He died to bear our guilt away,
That sin might be forgiven ;
He lives to bless us and defend,
And plead our cause in heaven.

The Last Scenes.

27

C. M.

AND did the holy and the just,
The Sov'reign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty man might rise ?

Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high—
Surprising mercy ! love unknown !—
To suffer, bleed, and die !

He took the dying rebel's place,
And suffered in our stead ;
For sinful man—O wondrous grace !—
For sinful man he bled !

His sacred blood hath washed our souls
From sin's polluting stain ;
His stripes have healed us, and his death
Revived our souls again.

O Lord ! what heavenly wonders dwell
In thy most precious blood !
By this are sinners saved from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

28

C. M.

DARK was the night, and cold the ground,
When low the Lord was laid ;
His sweat like drops of blood ran down,
In agony he prayed :

" Father ! remove this bitter cup,
If such thy sacred will ;

If not, resigned, I drink it up!—
Thy purpose to fulfil.”

Here, love more strong than death, I see
Displayed in deepest woe;
Messiah bearing sin for me!
My sorrows carrying too!

'Tis here I learn his cross to bear,
His holy will t' obey;
Here, learn, when trials sore draw near,
To watch, bow down, and pray.

29

L. M.

'TWAS on that night when doom'd to know
The eager rage of ev'ry foe—
That night in which he was betray'd,
The Saviour of the world took bread.

And after thanks and glory giv'n,
To him that rules in earth and heav'n,
That symbol of his flesh he broke,
And thus to all his foll'wers spoke:—

My broken body thus I give
For you, my friends; take, eat and live;
And oft the sacred feast renew,
That brings my wond'rous love to view.

Then in his hands the cup he rais'd,
And God anew he thank'd and prais'd;
While kindness in his bosom glow'd,
And from his lips salvation flow'd.

My blood I thus pour forth, he cries,
To cleanse the soul in sin that lies,
In this the covenant is seal'd,
And heav'n's eternal grace reveal'd.

This cup is fraught with love to men;
Let all partake who love my name;
Through latest ages let it pour,
In mem'ry of my dying hour.

*His Death.***30**

C. M.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
 Nail'd to the shameful tree !
 How vast the love that him inclined
 To bleed and die for me !
 Hark, how he groans ! while nature shakes,
 And earth's strong pillars bend ;
 The temple's veil in sunder breaks ;
 The solid marbles rend.
 " 'Tis finished ! " the full ransom paid ;
 " Receive my soul," he cries :
 Lo ! Jesus bows his sacred head !
 He bows his head, and dies !
 But soon he breaks death's envious chain,
 Doth in full glory shine ;
 O Lamb of God ! was ever pain,
 Was ever love like thine ?

31

L. M.

BEHOLD the sin-atonning Lamb,
 With wonder, gratitude, and love !
 To take away our guilt and shame,
 See him descending from above.
 To save a guilty world, he dies ;
 Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb !
 To him lift up your longing eyes,
 And hope for mercy in his name.
 Pardon and peace through him abound ;
 He can the richest blessings give :
 Salvation in his name is found,
 He bids the dying sinner live.
 Jesus, our Lord, we look to thee—
 Where else can helpless sinners go ?
 Thy boundless love shall set us free
 From all our wretchedness and woe.

32

C. M.

FOR me! oh! did my Saviour bleed,
 And did my Sovereign die?
 Would he devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I?

Was it for crimes that I had done,
 He groaned upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree.

Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in;
 The Lord made flesh was crucified
 For man the creature's sin!

But sympathy can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe;
 Lord, may I give myself to thee,
 That I thy will may do.

33

S. M.

FROM heav'n the Saviour came,
 To bless mankind on earth;
 He suffer'd grief, contempt, and shame,
 To give our comforts birth.

He bled, and groan'd, and died,
 Our awful debt to pay,
 The Lamb of God was crucified,
 To put our sins away.

In rising from the dead,
 He triumph'd o'er our foes;
 Captivity he captive led,
 Then unto heaven he rose.

There ever lives our Lord,
 To plead for us with God;
 Lord, we believe thy faithful Word,
 And triumph in thy blood.

34

8-7-4's.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary ;

See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky ;
" It is finish'd !"

Hear the dying Saviour cry.

" It is finish'd"—O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford,
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord :

" It is finish'd"—

Saints, the dying words record.

Finish'd, all the types and shadows
Of the once unfinish'd law ;
Finish'd, all that God had promis'd,
Death and hell no more shall awe :

" It is finish'd"—

Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme ;

All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name :
Hallelujah !—

Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

35

L. M.

HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies—
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around ;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men ;
But lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus the dead revives again.

The rising Lord forsakes the tomb,
(The tomb in vain forbids his rise)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout his welcome to the skies.

Break off your tears, you saints, and tell,
How high our great deliv'rer reigns ;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains.

Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King—
Born to redeem, and strong to save ;
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting ?
And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave ?"

36

S. M.

LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God,
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.

How dreadful was the hour,
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the shepherd's head.

How glorious was the grace
When Christ sustain'd the stroke—
His life and blood the shepherd pays
A ransom for the flock.

But God hath raised his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And made him see a numerous seed
To recompense his pain.

"I'll give him," saith the Lord,
"A portion with the strong ;
He shall possess a large reward,
And hold his honors long."

37

C. M.

WE sing the Saviour's wondrous death—

He conquer'd when he fell ;

'Tis finish'd, said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

'Tis finish'd, our Immanuel cries,

The dreadful work is done ;

Hence shall his sov'reign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.

His cross a sure foundation laid

For glory and renown,

When through the regions of the dead
He pass'd to reach the crown.

Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,

His praises to record ;

Sweet be the accents of your songs
To your victorious Lord.

Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,

Your sweetest voices raise ;

Let heav'n and all created things
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

His Resurrection.

38

6-8's.

A WAKE, our drowsy souls,

And burst the slothful band ;

The wonders of this day

Our noblest songs demand.

Auspicious morn, thy blissful rays,

Bright seraphs hail in songs of praise.

At thy approaching dawn,

Reluctant death resign'd

The glorious Prince of Life,

In dark domains confin'd :

The angelic host around him bends,

And he amid their shouts ascends.

All hail, triumphant Lord !
 Heaven with hosannas rings ;
 While earth in humbler strains,
 Thy praise responsive sings :
 Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,
 Through endless years to live and reign.

Gird on, great Prince, thy sword,
 Ascend thy conqu'ring car,
 While justice, truth, and love,
 Maintain the glorious war :
 Victorious thou, thy foes shall tread,
 And sin and hell in triumph lead.

39

8's.

BEHOLD, the bright morning appears,
 And Jesus revives from the grave ;
 His rising removes all our fears,
 And shows him almighty to save.

How strong were his tears and his cries,
 The worth of his blood how divine ;
 How perfect is his sacrifice,
 Who rose though he suffer'd for sin.

The man that was crowned with thorns,
 The man that on Calvary died,
 The man that bore scourging and scorns,
 Whom sinners agreed to deride—

Now blessed for ever is made,
 And life has rewarded his pain ;
 Now glory has crowned his head—
 Heav'n sings of the Lamb that was slain.

Believing, we share in his joy,
 By faith we partake in his rest ;
 With this we can cheerfully die,
 For with him we hope to be blest.

We wait for his coming again,
 To raise us to honor and fame;
 This glory his saints shall obtain,
 His foes shall be clothed with shame.

40

4-8's & 2-6's.

BEHOLD the Lord of glory dies,
 Behold him from the dead arise!
 Redemption is obtained:
 Though we, like him shall yield our breath,
 Like him we soon shall rise from death,
 The vic'try Christ has gain'd.

Why should we fear the gloomy grave,
 Since he who died our souls to save,
 Will raise our bodies too?
 What though our earthly house must fail,
 The power of Jesus shall prevail
 To build us up anew.

Redeemed, let us his praises sound,
 And always in his work abound,
 It shall not be in vain;
 A kingdom by our Lord prepared,
 Shall be th' exceeding great reward,
 And we with him shall reign.

41

C. M.

BLEST morn whose early dawning rays
 Beheld our rising God,
 That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
 And leave his dark abode.

A silent pris'ner in the tomb
 The great Redeemer lay,
 Till the revolving skies had brought
 The third, th' appointed day.

Hell and the grave unite their force
 To hold our Lord in vain,

The sleeping conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

To thy great name, Almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay,
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King ;
Let heav'n, and earth, and rocks, and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.

42

C. M.

BY faith in him who rose from death,
No more we fear the tomb ;
We know that our Redeemer lives,
Our Lord will surely come.

What, though our mortal frame decay,
And worms destroy this flesh,
Jesus, at our redemption day,
Shall give us life afresh.

Our conqu'ring Lord shall soon appear,
High on his royal seat,
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquished at his feet.

Then shall we all behold his face,
With new, immortal eyes ;
And bless his name, and sing his praise,
'Midst everlasting joys.

43

7's.

CHRIST the Father's will has done,
Has immortal glory won ;
All his pains and toils are past,
His reward shall ever last.

Conquer'd by our glorious King,
 Where, O death, is now thy sting?
 Endless life in Christ we have,
 Where thy victory, then, O grave?

Rais'd with him, constrain'd by love,
 Seek we hence the things above;
 Where he reigns th' exalted Son,
 Seated on his father's throne.

Hail! thou Lord of earth and heaven,
 Unto thee all praise be given;
 Thee we greet triumphant now,
 Hail! the resurrection—thou!

44

7's.

CHRIST, the Lord, is ris'n to day,
 Sons of men and angels say;
 Raise your joys and triumphs high,
 Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

Love's redeeming work is done,
 Fought the fight, the battle won;
 Lo! the struggle now is o'er,
 Lo! our Jesus dies no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 Christ has burst the gates of hell;
 Death in vain forbids his rise,
 Christ hath open'd paradise.

Lives again our glorious King,
 "Where, O death is now thy sting?"
 Once he died our souls to save,
 "Where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

Soar we now where Christ has led,
 Foll'wing our exalted Head;
 Made like him, like him we rise,
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

45

8-7-4's.

DRAWN by love, we look and wonder,
 See the place where Jesus lay ;
 He has burst death-bands asunder—
 He has borne our sins away.
 Joyful tidings,
 " Christ is risen indeed," we say.

Jesus triumphs, soars victorious,
 (By his death he all o'ercame ;)
 God, well-pleased, his crown makes glorious,
 Clothes his enemies with shame.
 We sing praises—
 Praises to the victor's name.

Jesus triumphs, countless legions
 Welcome him, and own him King ;
 Soon with them, in those blest regions,
 We shall join his praise to sing.
 Songs eternal,
 Then through heaven's high arch shall ring.

46

7's.

HAIL! the day that saw him rise,
 Taken from his people's eyes ;
 Christ, awhile to mortals given,
 Re-ascends his native heaven.

There the glorious triumph waits,
 Open wide, ye heavenly gates ;
 Christ hath vanquished death and sin,
 Take the King of glory in !

See the heaven the Lord receives,
 Yet he loves the earth he leaves ;
 Though returning to his throne,
 Still he calls mankind his own.

There for us he intercedes,
 His atoning death he pleads ;

Saviour of the human race,
There prepares for us a place.

Jesus, unto thee we cry,
On thy throne exalted high ;
Us in all our weakness see,
Ever looking up to thee.

Grant, though parted from our sight,
Far above yon azure height,
All our hearts may thither rise,
Seeking thee beyond the skies.

47

L. M.

HOSANNA! let us join to sing
The glories of our rising King ;
Recount his deeds of might, and tell
How Jesus triumph'd when he fell.

Soon as the morning's early ray
Brings on the third, th' appointed day,
Behold the angels cleave the skies,
Roll back the stone, and Jesus rise !

With strength immortal forth he comes,
And power and life from God resumes ;
The days of pain and sorrow past,
His triumph shall for ever last.

Hosanna ! sons of men record
The glories of your rising Lord ;
The triumph of the Saviour tell,
Who died and conquer'd when he fell.

48

8's & 6's.

JESUS, who died the world to save,
Revives and rises from the grave,
By God's almighty power :
From death and every foe set free,
He captive led captivity,
And lives to die no more.

Delighted, we look up and see
 Our Saviour cloth'd in majesty,
 Triumphant o'er the tomb :
 This heals our griefs, this dries our tears,
 In heaven our mansions he prepares,
 And soon will fetch us home.

Jesus, exalted on the throne,
 Looks with peculiar kindness down
 On all who bear his name :
 He knows our joys, he feels our woes,
 Beneath his feet he treads our foes,
 And we shall reign with him.

49

7's.

MORNING breaks upon the tomb,
 Jesus dissipates its gloom ;
 Day of triumph through the skies—
 See the glorious Saviour rise.

Ye who are of death afraid,
 Triumph in the scatter'd shade :
 Drive your anxious cares away,
 See the place where Jesus lay.

Christians, dry your flowing tears,
 Chase those unbelieving fears ;
 Look on his deserted grave,
 Doubt no more his power to save.

50

L. M.

NOW for a song of lofty praise,
 To great Jehovah's only Son ;
 Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,
 And tell the wonders he hath done.

Sing how he left the worlds of light,
 And the bright robes he wore above,
 How swift and joyful was his flight,
 On wings of everlasting love.

Deep in the shades of gloomy death,
 Th' Almighty captive prisoner lay,
 Th' Almighty captive left the earth,
 And rose to everlasting day.

Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
 Up to his throne of shining grace ;
 See what immortal glories sit,
 Round the sweet beauties of his face.

Amongst a thousand harps and songs,
 Jesus the Lord exalted reigns,
 His sacred name fills all their tongues,
 And echoes through the heavenly plains.

51

8's.

THE angels that watch'd round the tomb
 Where low the Redeemer was laid,
 When deep in mortality's gloom
 He hid for a season his head :

That veil'd their fair face while he slept,
 And ceased their sweet harps to employ,
 Have witnessed his rising, and swept
 The chords with triumphs of joy.

The grave in which Jesus was laid,
 Has buri'd my guilt and my fears ;
 And while I contemplate its shade,
 The light of his presence appears.

O! sweet is the season of rest,
 When life's weary journey is done ;
 The blush that spreads over its West,
 The last ling'ring ray of its sun.

No terror the prospect begets,
 I am not mortality's slave,
 The sun-beam of life as it sets
 Leaves a halo of peace on the grave.

52

6-8's

THE happy morn is come—
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Omnipotent to save ;
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

Who now accuseth them
For whom their ransom died ?
Who now shall those condemn,
Whom God hath justified ?
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

Christ hath the ransom paid,
The glorious work is done ;
On him our help is laid,
By him our victory won :
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

53

S. M.

THE Lord is risen indeed,
He lives to die no more ;
He lives, the sinner's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

The Lord is risen indeed,
The grave has lost its prey ;
With him is risen the ransom'd seed,
To reign in endless day.

The Lord is risen indeed,
Attending angels hear,
Up to the courts of heaven with speed
The joyful tidings bear.

The King of glory !—see, he comes
With his celestial train.

Who is the King of glory ? Who ?
The Lord for strength renown'd ;
In battles mighty—o'er his foes
Eternal victor crown'd.

Lift up your heads, eternal gates
Unfold, to entertain
The King of glory !—see, he comes
With all his shining train.

Who is the King of glory ? Who ?
The Lord of hosts renown'd ;
Of glory he alone is King,
Who is with glory crown'd.

57

L. M.

LORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky ;
Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots, that attend thy state.

Not Sinai's mountain could appear,
More glorious when the Lord was there ;
While he pronounc'd his holy law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

How bright the triumph none can tell,
When all the rebel powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains, like captives, led.

Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
He sent his promised Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

58

C. M.

O FOR a shout of sacred joy,
 To Christ the sov'reign King!
 Let every land their tongues employ,
 And hymns of triumph sing.

Jesus our Lord ascends on high;
 His heavenly guards around,
 Attend him rising thro' the sky,
 With trumpet's joyful sound.

While angels shout and praise their king,
 Let mortals learn their strains;
 Let all the earth his honors sing,
 O'er all the earth he reigns.

Speak forth his praise with awe profound,
 Let knowledge guide the song;
 Nor mock him with a solemn sound
 Upon a thoughtless tongue.

59

L. M.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
 Our Jesus is gone up on high;
 The powers of hell are captive led,
 Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

There his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay—
 Lift up your heads, you heav'nly gates!
 You everlasting doors, give way!

Loose all your bars of massy light,
 And wide unfold the radiant scene:
 He claims those mansions as his right—
 Receive the King of glory in!

Who is the King of glory?—Who?
 The Lord, who all his foes o'ercame;
 The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
 And Jesus is the conqu'ror's name.

B

Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay :
 Lift up your heads, you heavenly gates,
 You everlasting doors, give way !

Who is the King of glory?—Who ?
 The Lord, of boundless might possess'd :
 The King of saints and angels too,
 Lord over all, for ever blest!

Seen of Angels.

60

C. M.

BEYOND the glitt'ring starry sky,
 Which God's right hand sustains;
 There, in the boundless world of light,
 Our great Redeemer reigns.

Legions of angels, strong and fair,
 In countless armies shine
 At his right hand, with golden harps,
 To offer songs divine.

Hail, Prince! they cry, for ever hail!
Whose unexampl'd love
Mov'd thee to quit these blissful realms,
And royalties above.

While from the sons of men on earth
 He suffer'd rude disdain,
 They threw their honors at his feet,
 And waited in his train.

Through all his travels here below,
 They did his steps attend ;
 Oft gaz'd, and wonder'd where at length
 This scene of love would end.

They heard him in the garden groan,
 And saw his sweat of blood ;
 They saw his pierced hands and feet
 Nail'd to the cursed wood.

They saw him break the bars of death,
Which none e'er broke before,
And rise in conq'ring majesty,
To stoop to death no more.

They brought his chariot from above,
To bear him to his throne;
And with a shout exulting cried,
The glorious work is done!

Descent of the Holy Spirit.

61

L. M.

GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the belov'd disciples met,
And on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

What gifts, what miracles he gave!
The power to kill, the power to save!
Furnish'd their tongues with wond'rous words
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

Thus arm'd, he sent the champions forth,
From East to West, from South to North:
"Go, and assert your Saviour's cause—
Go, spread the myst'ry of his cross."

These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are,
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebels low.

The Greeks and Jews, the learn'd and rude,
Are by these heav'nly arms subdu'd;
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.

*Reign of Christ.***62**

L. M.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run,
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.

People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

Blessings abound ! Where'er he reigns
The joyful pris'ner bursts his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are bless'd.

Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more ;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

Let ev'ry creature rise and bring
All grateful honors to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud *Amen*.

H Y M N S .

CHRIST.

His Coronation and Glory.

1

C. M.

ALL hail! the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall :
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

Believing seed of Israel's race—
A remnant weak and small :
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

Gentile believers, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall ;
Come, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall !
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

2

L. M.

ALMIGHTY and eternal King,
Thy praise we will for ever sing ;
We will extol thee day by day,
And triumph in thy boundless sway.

From age to age, from shore to shore,
 Shall saints thy Majesty adore ;
 And millions bless thee for the love,
 Which sent a Saviour from above.

Creator, King, Redeemer, take
 Our feeble praise for Jesus' sake ;
 And may our hearts for ever bless
 The Lord our strength and righteousness.

3

C. M.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
 Amidst his Father's throne,
 Prepare new honors for his name,
 And songs before unknown.

Let elders worship at his feet,
 The church adore around,
 With vials full of odors sweet,
 And harps of sweeter sound.

Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
 Be endless blessings paid ;
 Salvation, glory, joy remain
 For ever on thy head !

Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
 Hast set the pris'ners free,
 Hast made us kings and priests to God,
 And we shall reign with thee.

4

8-7's.

BRIGHTNESS of thy Father's glory,
 Shall thy praise unuttered lie ?
 Dread, my soul such guilty silence,
 Praise the Lord who came to die.

Hosts of angels sang thy coming,
 Watchful shepherds learned their lays ;
 Shame would cover me ungrateful,
 Should my tongue refuse its praise.

From the highest throne in glory,
 To the cross of deepest woe,
 All to ransom guilty captives,
 Flow my praise, for ever flow.

By that cross, immortal Saviour,
 Thou hast won thy glorious throne :
 Soon return and reign for ever ;
 Be the universe thine own.

5

C. M.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne,
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.

*Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
 To be exalted thus ;
 Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
 For he was slain for us.*

Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honor and power divine ;
 And blessings more than we can give,
 Be Lord, for ever thine.

The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

6

C. M.

COME, you that love the Saviour's name,
 And joy to make it known,
 The Sov'reign of your heart proclaim,
 And bow before his throne.

Behold your King, your Saviour, crown'd
 With glories all divine ;
 And tell the wond'ring nations round
 How bright these glories shine.

Infinite power and boundless grace,
 In him unite their rays ;
 You that have seen his lovely face,
 Can you forbear his praise ?

When in the earthly courts we view
 The beauties of our King,
 We long to love as angels do,
 And wish like them to sing.

And shall we long and wish in vain ?
 Lord, teach our songs to rise !
 Thy love can animate our strain,
 And bid it reach the skies,

O, happy period ! glorious day !
 When heav'n and earth shall raise,
 With all their powers, the raptur'd lay,
 To celebrate thy praise.

7

8-7's.

CROWN his head with endless blessing,
 Who, in God the Father's name,
 With compassion never ceasing,
 Comes, salvation to proclaim.

Lo, Jehovah, we adore thee—
 Thee, our Saviour—thee, our God ;
 From thy throne let beams of glory
 Shine through all the world abroad.

Jesus, thee our Saviour hailing,
 Thee our God in praise we own ;
 Highest honors, never failing,
 Rise eternal round thy throne.

Now, ye saints, his pow'r confessing,
 In your grateful strains adore ;
 For his mercy, never ceasing,
 Flows, and flows for evermore.

8

L. M.

EXALTED Prince of Life, we own,
 The royal honors of thy throne ;
 'Tis fix'd by God's almighty hand,
 And seraphs bow at thy command,

Exalted Saviour, we confess
 The mighty triumphs of thy grace ;
 Where love and tenderest mercy shine,
 And temper majesty divine.

Wide thy resistless sceptre sway,
 Till all thine enemies obey ;
 Wide let thy cross its virtues prove,
 And conquer millions by its love.

9

8-7-4's.

GLORY, glory everlasting,
 Be to him who bore the cross !
 Who redeem'd our souls, by tasting
 Death, the death deserv'd by us :
 Sound his glory,
 Who redeem'd his people thus.

Jesus' love is love unbounded,
 Without measure, without end :
 Human thought is here confounded,
 'Tis too vast to comprehend :
 Praise the Saviour !
 Magnify the sinner's friend.

While we hear the wondrous story,
 Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
 Sing we, " Everlasting glory,
 Be to God and to the Lamb :"
 Saints and angels,
 Give ye glory to his name !

10

6-7's.

GLORY, glory to our King!
 Crowns unfading wreath his head :
 Jesus, is the name we sing—
 Jesus, risen from the dead ;
 Jesus, conqu'ror o'er the grave,
 Jesus, mighty now to save.

Jesus is gone up on high,
 Angels come to meet their King ;
 Shouts triumphant rend the sky,
 While the Victor's praise they sing ;
 "Open now, ye heavenly gates !
 'Tis the King of glory waits."

Now behold him high enthron'd !
 Glory beaming from his face !
 By adoring angels own'd,
 Full of holiness and grace ;
 O, for hearts and tongues to sing,
 "Glory, glory, to our King !"

Jesus, on thy people shine,
 Warm our hearts, and tune our tongues ;
 That with angels we may join,
 Share their bliss, and swell their songs ;
 Glory, honor, praise, and power,
 Lord, be thine, for evermore.

11

C. M.

HAIL, mighty Jesus ! how divine
 Is thy victorious sword !
 The stoutest rebel must resign
 At thy commanding word.

How deep the wounds thine arrows give !
 They pierce the hardest heart ;
 Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
 And joy succeeds the smart.

Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh ;
 Ride with majestic sway ;
 Go forth, great Prince, triumphantly,
 And make thy foes obey.

And when thy vict'ries are complete,
 When all the chosen race,
 Shall round the throne of glory meet,
 To sing thy conqu'ring grace—

O, may my humble soul be found,
 Among that glorious throng ;
 And I with them thy praise will sound,
 In heaven's immortal song.

12

L. M.

HAIL, to the Prince of Life and peace,
 Who holds the keys of death and hell ;
 The spacious world unseen is his,
 The sov'reign power becomes him well.

In shame and torment once he died,
 But now he lives for evermore ;
 Exalted at his Father's side,
 Angels and saints your King adore.

Live, live for ever, glorious Lord,
 Convert thy foes and guard thy friends ;
 While all thy chosen tribes rejoice,
 That thy dominion never ends.

For ever reign, victorious King !
 Wide through the earth thy name be known ;
 And call thy longing saints to sing,
 Sublimar anthems near thy throne.

13

8-7's.

HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
 Sound the note of praise above ;
 Jesus reigns, and heav'n rejoices ;
 Jesus reigns, the God of love :

See, he sits on yonder throne ;
Jesus rules the world alone.

Jesus, hail ! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth ;
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers. and charms thy saints on earth :
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.

King of glory, reign for ever ;
Thine an everlasting crown ;
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own ;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

Saviour, hasten thine appearing ;
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heav'n and earth shall pass away :
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."

14

C. M.

HOSANNA to our conqu'ring King !
All hail, incarnate Love !
Ten thousand songs and glories wait
To crown thy head above.

Thy vict'ries and thy deathless fame
Through all the world shall run,
And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs thou hast won.

15

L. M.

HOSANNA ! to the eternal Lord :
Hosanna ! to the incarnate Word :
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth and heaven hosannas sing.

Hosanna ! mighty angels cry ;
 Hosanna ! let the saints reply :
 Above, below, the world around—
 Let all the living swell the sound.

When heaven and earth shall melt away,
 And Jesus all his power display ;
 His people freed from every pain,
 Shall loud hosannas sing again.

16

8's.

HOW shall we our Saviour set forth ?
 Or, how all his beauties declare ?
 O, how shall we speak of his worth,
 Or what his chief dignities are ?

His angels can never express,
 Nor saints who sit nearest his throne,
 How rich are his treasures of grace—
 No—this is a secret unknown.

In him all the fulness of God
 For ever transcendently shines ;
 Though once the "self-emptied" he stood,
 To finish God's gracious designs.

Though once he was nail'd to the cross,
 Vile rebels like us to set free,
 His glory sustained no loss,
 Eternal his kingdom shall be.

O sinners ! believe and adore
 This Saviour so rich to redeem !
 No creature can ever explore
 The treasures of goodness in him.

17

8-7's.

JESUS, hail ! enthron'd in glory,
 There for ever to abide ;
 All the heav'nly host adore thee,
 Seated at thy Father's side.

There for sinners thou art pleading ;
 There thou dost our place prepare ;
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.

Worship, honor, pow'r, and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive ;
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give.

Help, ye bright, angelic spirits ;
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

18

7's.

JESUS, once for sinners slain,
 From the dead was raised again ;
 And in heav'n is now sat down,
 With his Father on his throne.

There he reigns a King supreme,
 We shall also reign with him ;
 Feeble souls, be not dismay'd,
 Trust in his almighty aid.

He hath made an end of sin,
 And his blood has wash'd us clean ;
 Fear not, he is ever near ;
 Now, e'en now, he's with us here.

Thus assembling, we, by faith,
 Till he come, show forth his death ;
 Of his flesh this loaf's the sign,
 And we view his blood in wine.

Saints on earth, with those above,
 Celebrate his dying love ;
 And let every ransom'd soul
 Sound his praise from pole to pole.

19

S. M.

JESUS our Saviour lives,
Triumphant from the dead ;
Has conquer'd all our mighty foes,
And Satan captive led.

Rejoice, ye sons of God !
Ye heirs of heav'n, rejoice !
Sound your Redeemer's love abroad,
With cheerful heart and voice.

Tell what the Lord has done,
For sons of Adam's race ;
Record the conquests he has won,
And triumph in his grace.

All that the prophets said,
In Jesus is fulfill'd ;
The Lord on him our sins has laid,
And by his stripes we're heal'd.

Ye saints, adore his name,
Who has such mercy shown ;
O magnify the Lamb of God,
And make his wonders known.

20

C. M.

JESUS, the Christ of God we sing ;
His honors we proclaim ;
The Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Hosanna to his name !

By him are sinners heal'd and bless'd,
And sav'd from guilt and shame ;
Let our high praises be address'd,
For ever to his name.

He shall abide when time is past,
In everlasting fame ;
The Lord, th' Almighty, first and last,
Adored be his name.

Let every voice be lifted high,
His glory to proclaim,
In songs of melody and joy,
Eternal as his name.

21

S. M.

JESUS, the Conqueror reigns,
In glorious strength arrayed ;
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad.

We sing his saving grace,
His pardoning love we own,
He died t' atone, he lives to bless,
High on his Father's throne.

Our Advocate with God—
He undertakes our cause ;
We fain would spread through earth abroad,
The triumphs of his cross.

22

L. M.

JESUS. we hail thee Israel's King,
And now to thee our tribute bring ;
Nor do we fear to bow to thee—
They worship God who worship thee.

Hail, Israel's King, enthron'd in light,
Whose glory never shone more bright,
Than when (by treach'rous friends betray'd)
Thy foes insulting homage paid.

Then did admiring angels see,
Divine forbearance, Lord, in thee ;
With emphasis pronounce thee GOOD,
And heav'n and earth contrasted stood.

An object of contempt beneath,
And judg'd by men to suffer death ;
By angels own'd, admir'd, ador'd,
The great, the everlasting Lord.

Reign, mighty King, for ever reign,
 Thy cause throughout the world maintain ;
 Let Israel's King his triumphs spread,
 And crowns of glory wreath his head !

23

7's.

KING of glory, set on high,
 Girt with strength and majesty,
 We thy holy name confess,
 Christ the Lord our righteousness.

Jesus, spotless Lamb of God,
 Wondrous gift on man bestowed ;
 Many crowns are on thy head,
 Glorious first-born from the dead.

Gladly, Lord, we bow the knee,
 By thy Father's will to thee ;
 Thee, who hast the kingdom won—
 Thee, his well-beloved Son.

Glory, glory, to thy name,
 Thou hast saved from sin and shame ;
 Glory unto God be given,
 He has given us thee and heaven.

24

7's.

KING of kings, and Lord of lords,
 These are great and joyful words ;
 'Tis to Jesus they belong,
 Who is great, and wise, and strong.

Jesus, angels speak thy praise,
 On thy glory love to gaze ;
 Glory, honor, praise, and power,
 Be to thee for evermore.

Holy Saviour, gracious Lord,
 Be by heaven and earth adored ;
 Power and praise to thee belong,
 Lord, accept our humble song.

Rich in glory, thou didst stoop ;
 This is now thy people's hope ;
 Thou wast poor that they might be
 Rich in glory, Lord, with thee.

25

8-7-4.

LET us sing the King Messiah,
 King of Righteousness and Peace ;
 Hail him, all his happy subjects,
 Never let his praises cease !
 Hail him,
 Let his honors still increase !

How transcendent are thy glories !
 Fairer than the sons of men,
 While thy blessed mediation,
 Brings us back to God again !
 Bless'd Redeemer,
 How we triumph in thy reign !

Gird thy sword on, Mighty Hero,
 Make thy word of truth thy car,
 Prosper in thy course triumphant,
 All success attend thy war !
 Gracious Victor,
 Let mankind before thee bow !

Bless'd are all that touch thy sceptre,
 Bless'd are all that own thy reign !
 Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants,
 Rescued from his galling chain !
 Saints and angels,
 All who know thee bless thy name !

26

8-7-4.

LOOK ye saints :—the sight is glorious—
 See the man of sorrows now ;

From the fight return'd victor'ous,
 Every knee to him shall bow :
 Crown him, crown him ;
 Crowns become the Victor's brow.
 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him,
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings ;
 In the seat of pow'r enthrone him,
 While the heavenly concave rings :
 Crown him, crown him !
 Crown the Saviour King of kings.
 Sinners in derision crown'd him,
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim ;
 Saints and angels crowd around him,
 Own his title, praise his name :
 Crown him, crown him !
 Spread abroad the Victor's fame.
 Hark ! those bursts of acclamation !
 Hark ! those loud, triumphant chords !
 Jesus takes the highest station,
 O, what joy the sight affords !
 Crown him, crown him,
 King of kings, and Lord of lords.

27

- L. M.

LORD JESUS, reign for evermore,
 Unrivall'd in thy courts above ;
 While we, with all thy saints, adore
 The wonders of redeeming love.
 No other Lord but thee we'll know,
 No other power but thine confess ;
 We'll spread thine honors while below,
 And heav'n shall hear us shout thy grace.
 We'll sing along the heav'nly road
 That leads us to thy blest abode ;
 Till with the vast unnumber'd throng,
 We join in heav'n's triumphant song.

Till with pure hands and voices sweet,
 We cast our crowns at Jesus' feet,
 And sing of everlasting love,
 In never-ending strains above.

28

L. M.

NOW be my heart inspired to sing
 The glories of my Saviour King;
 He comes with blessings from above,
 And wins the nations to his love.
 Thy throne, O Lord, for ever stands,
 Grace is the sceptre in thy hands;
 Thy laws and works are just and right,
 But truth and mercy thy delight.
 Let endless honors crown thy head—
 Let ev'ry age thy praises spread—
 Let all the nations know thy Word,
 And every tongue confess thee Lord.

29

L. M.

NOW in a song of grateful praise,
 To Jesus we our voices raise;
 Let all his saints unite to tell
 Our Saviour has "done all things well."
 All worlds his glorious power confess,
 His wisdom, living words express;
 But O! his love, what tongue can tell!
 Our Saviour has "done all things well."
 We spurned his grace, we broke his laws,
 He pitying undertook our cause,
 To save our ruined souls from hell:
 Our Saviour has "done all things well."
 And now our souls have known his love,
 What mercy has he made us prove!
 His mercy doth all praise excel;
 Our Saviour has "done all things well."

Soon shall we pass the vale of death,
 And in his arms resign our breath ;
 O, then our happy souls shall tell,
 Our Saviour has " done all things well."

And when to that bright world we rise,
 And reach the mansions in the skies,
 Above the rest this note shall swell,
 Our Saviour has " done all things well."

30

11's.

O JESUS, my Saviour, in thee I am bless'd,
 My life, and my treasure, my joy, and my rest ;
 Thy grace is my theme, and thy love is my song,
 Thy charms do inspire my heart and my tongue.

All human expression is empty and vain ;
 Tongue cannot unriddle the heavenly flame ;
 And sure, if the language of angels I had,
 I could not, completely, the myst'ry describe.

O Jesus, my Saviour, to thee I submit,
 With love and thanksgiving fall down at thy feet :
 A sacrifice-off'ring of soul, flesh, and blood :
 Thou art my Redeemer, my Saviour, my God.

31

11's.

O JESUS, the giver of all we enjoy !
 Our lives to thy honor we wish to employ ;
 With praises unceasing we'll sing of thy name ;
 Thy goodness increasing, thy love we'll proclaim.

With joy we remember the dawn of that day,
 When lost in rebellion and darkness we lay ;
 The sweet invitation we heard with surprise,
 And witness'd salvation to flow from the skies.

The wonderful name of our Jesus we'll sing,
 And publish the fame of our Captain and King,
 With sweet exultation his goodness we prove ;
 His name is Salvation—his nature is love.

We now are enlisted in Jesus' bless'd cause,
Divinely assisted to conquer our foes ;
His grace will support us till conflicts are o'er,
He then will escort us to Zion's bright shore.

32

L. M.

O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love ;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless ?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise ?

Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray ;
Who fear thee, Lord, thy goodness know—
Who learn thy will, and do it too.

33

L. M.

O THOU, in whom the Gentiles trust,
Jesus, the Holy One, the Just !
Who wast, and ever art the same,
Our voices now thy love proclaim.

Glory to thee ! thou Lamb of God,
Who hast redeemed us by thy blood ;
With all our powers thy name we bless,
Our hope, our peace, our righteousness.

Worthy, O Lord of heaven, to live ;
Worthy, all blessings to receive ;
Worthy, enthroned on high to sit,
With all creation at thy feet.

34

L. M.

O UR highest honors we would raise,
To Christ, the Holy One of God ;

And bring the sacrifice of praise,
 To him who washed us in his blood.
 Honor and majesty are laid
 On him who scorn and hatred bore;
 For ever blessed he is made,
 And heaven and earth his name adore.
 Eternal glory to the Lamb,
 Who by himself hath purged our sin;
 Let all his saints his grace proclaim,
 Till with a shout he comes again.

35

S. M.

RAISE your triumphant songs
 To tell of vict'ry won;
 Let the wide earth resound the deeds
 Celestial grace has done.
 Sing how Eternal Love
 His Chief-Beloved chose,
 And bade him raise our wretched race
 From their abyss of woes.
 His hand no thunders bears,
 Nor terror clothes his brow;
 He hath no bolts to drive our souls
 To fiercer flames below.
 He shows his Father's love,
 To raise our souls on high;
 He came with pardons from above
 For rebels doom'd to die.
 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
 Let hopeless sorrow cease;
 Bow to the sceptre of his love,
 And take the offer'd peace.
 Lord, we obey thy call,
 We lay an humble claim,
 To the salvation thou hast brought,
 And love and praise thy name.

36

P. M.

REJOICE ! the Lord is King !
 The Prince of Life adore ;
 O Zion ! shout and sing,
 And triumph evermore :
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
 With gladness great do you rejoice.
 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
 His character is love ;
 When he had purg'd our sins,
 He took his seat above ;
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
 With gladness great do you rejoice.
 His kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er earth and heav'n ;
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Saviour giv'n :
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
 With gladness great do you rejoice.
 Rejoice in glorious hope,
 Jesus the Judge shall come,
 And take his servants up,
 To their eternal home :
 We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
 The trump of God shall sound, *Rejoice !*

37

L. M.

SHALL loyal subjects hail the day,
 That crowns their King with loud acclaim ?
 And shall not we due honors pay,
 To our exalted Saviour's name ?
 Jesus, who vanquished all our foes,
 Who came to save, who reigns to bless,
 From Him our every comfort flows :
 Life, riches, liberty, and peace.

How mean the tribute mortals pay !
 How cold the heart, how faint the tongue !
 But, Lord, thy second-coming day,
 Shall tune a more exalted song.

He comes ! he comes, with triumph crowned ;
 Resound ! resound in joyful strains ;
 Jehovah's splendors dawn around ;
 Jesus the King of glory reigns.

38

L. M.

SHOUT, for the blessed Jesus reigns,
 Through distant lands his triumphs spread,
 And sinners, freed from endless pains,
 Own him their Saviour and their head.

He calls his chosen from afar,
 They all at Zion's gate arrive ;
 Those who were dead in sin before,
 By reigning grace are made alive.

Gentiles and Jews his laws obey,
 Nations remote their off'rings bring,
 And unconstrain'd their homage pay
 To their exalted Lord and King.

O, may his holy church increase,
 His word and spirit still prevail ;
 While angels celebrate his praise,
 And saints his growing glories hail !

Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
 From all below and all above,
 In lofty songs exalt his name,
 In songs as lasting as his love.

39

L. M.

THE God of Jacob chose the hill,
 Of Zion for his ancient rest,
 And Zion is his dwelling still,
 His church is with his presence blessed.

Established here is Jesus' throne,
 From Zion never to depart ;
 Here light is for the righteous sown,
 And gladness for the just in heart.
 Girded with truth and clothed with grace,
 How glorious doth our King appear !
 He reigns for us in righteousness,
 And princes rule in judgment here.
 Jesus beholds a numerous seed,
 In Zion born, to praise his name ;
 His crown shall flourish on his head,
 His foes shall all be clothed with shame.

40

4-6's & 2-8's.

THE Lord, the Saviour reigns,
 His throne is set on high ;
 The garments he assumes
 Are light and majesty :
 His glory shines with beams so bright,
 No mortal eye can bear the sight.
 And will this mighty King
 To sinners condescend ?
 And will he write his name,
 Our Brother and our Friend ?
 We love his name, we love his Word,
 Join all our powers to praise the Lord.
 All hail ! triumphant Lord !
 Let heaven's hosannas ring,
 And earth in humble strains,
 Thy praise responsive bring :
 Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,
 Through endless years to live and reign.

41

6-8's

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
 Let all the nations fear ;

Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.

Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
Let earth adore its Lord ;
Bright cherubs, his attendants, wait,
Swift to fulfil his word.

In Zion stands his throne,
His honors are divine,
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.

How holy is his name—
How fearful is his praise—
Justice, and truth, and judgment join
In all his works of grace.

42

8's.

THIS Lord is the Lord we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as large as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.

'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home ;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

43

6-8's.

THY worthiness is all our song,
O Lamb of God ! for thou wast slain ;
And by thy blood brought'st us to God,
Out of each nation, tribe, and tongue ;
To our God mad'st us kings and priests,
And we shall reign upon the earth.

Salvation to our God who shines,
In face of Jesus on the throne !
The only just and merciful !

Salvation to the worthy Lamb,
 With loud voice all the church ascribes ;
AMEN! say angels round the throne.

To him who lov'd us, and has wash'd
 Us from our sins in his own blood,
 And who has made us kings and priests
 To his own Father and his God,
 The glory and dominion be
 To him eternally. Amen!

44

C. M.

TO Christ, the Lord, let every tongue
 Its noblest tribute bring :
 When he's the subject of the song,
 Who can refuse to sing ?

Survey the beauties of his face,
 And on his glories dwell ;
 Think of the wonders of his grace,
 And all his triumphs tell.

Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
 Upon his lovely brow ;
 His head with radiant glories crowned,
 His lips with grace o'erflow.

No mortal can with him compare,
 Among the sons of men ;
 Fairer he is than all the fair
 That fill the heavenly train.

His hand a thousand blessings pours
 Upon my guilty head ;
 His presence gilds my darkest hours,
 And guards my sleeping bed.

To him I owe my life and breath,
 And all the joys I have ;
 He makes me triumphs over death,
 And saves me from the grave.

45

4-8's & 2-6's.

TO Him who did salvation bring,
 Wake ev'ry tuneful power, and sing
 A song of sweetest praise :
 His grace diffuses, as the rains
 Crown nature's flow'ry hills and plains,
 And spread a thousand ways.

Salvation is the noblest song,
 O may it dwell on ev'ry tongue,
 And all repeat AMEN !
 The Lord will come from heav'n to earth
 To give his people second birth,
 And make them one again.

We feel redemption drawing near,
 We soon in glory shall appear,
 And be for ever bless'd ;
 His promise never can delay,
 Our Jesus, on th' appointed day,
 Will give his people rest.

By faith we view him coming down,
 With angels hov'ring all around ;
 He smiles upon his saints :
 He cries aloud in melting strains,
 I come to save you from your pains,
 And end your sore complaints.

The smiling millions rise and sing,
 All glory, glory to our King !
 The Grand Assize is come !
 You everlasting doors, fly wide,
 The church is glorious as a bride,
 And Jesus takes her home.

In all the heavens there's not a tear,
 Nor in the realms of bliss a fear,
 But love's endearing scenes,

Midst joys and songs that never end.
 All glory to the sinner's Friend !
 Our Jesus ever reigns.

46

C. M.

TO him that lov'd the sons of men,
 And wash'd us in his blood,
 To royal honors rais'd our heads,
 And made us priests to God.
 To him let ev'ry tongue be praise,
 And ev'ry heart be love ;
 All grateful honors paid on earth,
 And nobler songs above.
 Behold, on flying clouds he comes ;
 His saints shall bless the day ;
 While they that pierc'd him sadly mourn,
 In anguish and dismay.
 Thou art the First, and thou the Last ;
 Time centres all in thee ;
 Almighty Lord, who wast, and art,
 And evermore shalt be.

47

C. M.

TO our Redeemer's glorious name
 Awake the sacred song ;
 O ! may his love (immortal flame !)
 Tune every heart and tongue.
 His love, what mortal thought can reach,
 What mortal tongue display ?
 Imagination's utmost stretch
 In wonder dies away.
 He left his radiant throne on high—
 Left the bright realms of bliss—
 And came to earth to bleed and die !
 Was ever love like this ?

Blest Lord, while we adoring pay
 Our humble thanks to thee,
 May every heart with rapture say,
 "The Saviour died for me."

O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
 Fill every heart and tongue,
 Till strangers love thy charming name,
 And join the sacred song.

48

L. M.

WHAT equal honors shall we bring,
 To thee, O Lord, our God, the Lamb,
 When all the notes that angels sing,
 Are far inferior to thy name ?

Worthy is he that once was slain,
 The Prince of Peace that groan'd and died ;
 Worthy to rise, and live, and reign,
 At his Almighty Father's side.

Honor immortal must be paid,
 Instead of scandal and of scorn ;
 While glory shines around his head,
 And a bright crown without a thorn.

Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
 Who bore the curse for wretched men :
 Let angels sound his sacred name,
 And every creature say, AMEN.

49

5-6's.

YOU servants of God,
 Your Master proclaim,
 And publish abroad
 His wonderful name :
 The name all victorious
 Of Jesus extol,
 His kingdom is glorious,
 And rules over all.

Christ ruleth on high,
Almighty to save,
And still he is nigh—
His presence we have :
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.

Salvation to him
Who sits on the throne—
Let all cry aloud,
And honor the Son :
Our Saviour's praises
The angels proclaim,
They fall on their faces
And worship the Lamb.

Him let us adore,
And give him his right,
And glory and power,
And wisdom and might :
All honor and blessing
With angels above,
And thanks never ceasing,
For infinite love.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

PRAISE the Lord. Praise the Lord from the heavens—praise him in the heights. Praise him, all his angels—praise him, all his hosts. Praise him, sun and moon; praise him, you heaven of heavens. Let them praise the name of the Lord; for he commanded, and they were created. He has also established them for ever and ever—he has made a decree which they shall not pass. Praise the Lord from the earth, you dragons, and all deeps, fire and hail, snow and vapor, stormy wind fulfilling his word; mountains and hills, fruitful trees, and all cedars; beasts and all cattle; creeping things and flying fowl; kings of the earth, and all judges of the earth; both young men and maidens, old men and children. Let them praise the name of the Lord; for his name alone is excellent—his glory is above the earth and heaven.

THE CREATOR.

His Works.

1

S. M.

ALMIGHTY Maker, God,
 How wondrous is thy name!
 Thy glories how diffused abroad,
 Through all creation's frame.
 Nature in every dress,
 Her humble homage pays;
 And does, in thousand ways express,
 Her undissembled praise.
 Our souls would rise and sing,
 Their great Creator too,
 Fain would our tongues adore our King,
 And pay the homage due:
 In joy and worship spend
 The remnant of our days;
 And still our souls to God ascend
 In grateful songs of praise.

2

L. M.

AWAKE, my tongue ; thy tribute bring
 To Him who gave thee power to sing ;
 Praise Him who is all praise above,
 The source of wisdom and of love.

How vast his knowledge ! how profound !
 A depth where all our thoughts are drown'd !
 The stars he numbers, and their names
 He gives to all those heav'nly flames.

Through each bright world above, behold
 Ten thousand thousand charms unfold ;
 Earth, air, and mighty seas combine
 To speak his wisdom all divine.

But in redemption, O, what grace !
 Its wonders, O, what thought can trace !
 Here, wisdom shines for ever bright ;
 Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

3

L. M.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations bow with sacred joy !
 Know that the Lord is God alone,
 He can create, and he destroy.

His sov'reign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay and form'd us men ;
 And when, like wand'ring sheep, we stray'd,
 He brought us to his fold again.

We are his people, we his care—
 Our souls and all our mortal frame ;
 What lasting honors shall we rear,
 Almighty Maker, to thy name.

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heavens our voices raise ;
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command !
 Vast as eternity thy love !
 Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move !

4

L. M.

COME, O my soul ! in sacred lays,
 Attempt thy great Creator's praise ;
 But O ! what tongue can raise the theme ?
 What mortal verse may soar to him ?

Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
 He glory like a garment wears ;
 And as a robe of light divine,
 Ten thousand suns around him shine.

In all our Maker's grand designs,
 Omnipotence with wisdom shines ;
 His works, through all this wondrous fame,
 Declare the glory of his name.

Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
 Do thou, my soul, his glories sing,
 And let his praise employ thy tongue,
 Till listening world's shall join the song.

5

L. M.

ETERNAL Source of every joy !
 Well may thy praise our lips employ,
 While in thy temple we appear
 To hail Thee Sov'reign of the year.

Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
 Thy hand supports and guides the whole ;
 The sun is taught by Thee to rise,
 And darkness when to veil the skies.

The flowery Spring, at thy command,
 Perfumes the air and paints the land ;
 The Summer rays with vigour shine,
 To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

Thy hand, in Autumn, richly pours
 Through all our coasts redundant stores ;
 And Winters, soften'd by Thy care,
 No more the face of horror wear.

Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
 Demand successive songs of praise ;
 And be the grateful homage paid,
 With morning light and evening shade.

Here in thy house let incense rise,
 And days of gladness bless our eyes,
 Till to those lofty heights we soar,
 Where days and years revolve no more.

6

C. M.

FATHER, how wide thy glory shines,
 How high thy wonders rise !
 Known through the earth by thousand signs,
 By thousand through the skies.

These mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
 Their motion speaks thy skill ;
 And on the wings of ev'ry hour,
 We read thy patience still.

But when we view thy grand design
 To save rebellious worms,
 Where justice and compassion join
 In their divinest forms—

Our thoughts are lost in rev'rend awe,
 We love and we adore :
 The brightest angel never saw
 So much of God before.

Here thy great name appears complete,
 And thought can never trace
 Which of the glories brighter shine—
 The justice or the grace !

7

L. M.

GIVE to our God immortal praise;
 Mercy and truth are all his ways :
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat his mercies in your song.

Give to the Lord of lords renown,
 The King of kings with glory crown :
 His mercies ever shall endure,
 When lords and kings are known no more.

He sent his Son with power to save,
 From sin, and Satan, and the grave :
 Salvation unto God belongs—
 Repeat his mercies in your songs.

His faithfulness shall never fail—
 His word shall stand, his truth prevail :
 Yea, though creation pass away,
 His mercies never shall decay.

8

7's.

GLORY to th' eternal King,
 Clad in majesty supreme !
 Let all heav'n his praises sing,
 Let all worlds his power proclaim.

Through eternity he reigns
 In unbounded realms of light ;
 He the universe sustains
 As an atom in his sight.

Suns on suns, through boundless space,
 With their systems move or stand ;
 Or, to occupy their place,
 New orbs arise at his command.

Oh ! let my transported soul
 Ever on his glories gaze ;
 Ever yield to his control—
 Ever sound his lofty praise.

9

C. M.

GREAT is the Lord—his works of might
 Demand our noblest songs ;
 Let his assembled saints unite
 Their harmony of tongues.

Great is the mercy of the Lord,
 He gives his children food ;
 And, ever mindful of his word,
 Makes every promise good.

His Son, the great Redeemer, came,
 To seal his covenant sure ;
 Holy and reverend is his name,
 His ways are just and pure.

Lord, we would in thy wisdom grow,
 As in thy fear begun ;
 And gain good understanding through
 Obedience to thy Son.

10

C. M.

HE who on earth as man was known,
 To bear our sins and pains,
 Now seated on th' eternal throne,
 The Lord of glory reigns.

His hands the wheels of nature guide
 With sure, unerring skill ;
 And countless worlds, extended wide,
 Obey his sov'reign will.

While harps unnumber'd sound his praise
 In yonder worlds above,
 His saints on earth admire his ways,
 And glory in his love.

When troubles, like a burning sun,
 Beat heavy o'er our head,
 To this high Rock for rest we run,
 And find a pleasing shade.

How glorious he, how happy we,
 In such a gen'rous friend,
 Whose love secures us all the way,
 And crowns us at the end !

11

L. M.

HIGH in the heav'ns, eternal God,
 Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
 Thy truth shall break through every cloud,
 That veils from view thy grand designs.
 For ever firm thy justice stands,
 As mountains their foundations keep ;
 Wide are the wonders of thy hands ;
 Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
 Thy providence, so kind, so large,
 That man and beast thy bounties share ;
 The whole creation is thy charge,
 But saints are thy peculiar care.
 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
 Springs from the goodness of the Lord ;
 And in thy light our souls shall see
 The glories promised in thy word.

12

L. M.

JEHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,
 His robes are light and majesty ;
 His glory shines with beams so bright,
 No mortal can sustain the sight.
 His terrors keep the world in awe,
 His justice guards his holy law,
 His love restores our fallen race,
 His truth and promise seal the grace.
 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
 And baffles Satan's deep designs ;
 His power is sovereign to fulfil
 The noblest counsels of his will.

And will this glorious Lord descend
 To be my Father and my Friend?
 Then let my songs with angels' join,
 Heav'n is secure, if God be mine.

13

L. M.

JOIN ev'ry tongue to praise the Lord;
 All nature rests upon his word;
 Mercy and truth his courts maintain,
 And own his universal reign.

At his command the morning ray,
 Smiles in the East, and leads the day;
 He guides the suns declining wheels,
 Beneath the verge of Western hills.

Seasons and times obey his voice:
 The evening and the morn rejoice,
 To see the earth made soft with showers,
 Laden with fruit, and deck'd with flowers.

Thy works pronounce thy power divine;
 In all the earth thy glories shine;
 Through every month thy gifts appear;
 Great God! thy goodness crowns the year.

14

8-7's.

PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator!
 Praise be thine from every tongue;
 Join, my soul, with ev'ry creature,
 Join the universal song.

Father! source of all compassion,
 Justifying grace is thine;
 We, O God of our salvation!
 Praise thee for this love divine.

For ten thousand blessings given—
 For the hope of future joy—
 We would fain, through earth and heaven,
 Sound Jehovah's praises high.

15

8-7's.

THE icy chains that bound the earth,
 Are now dissolved and gone :
 Wak'd by the sun, the blooming Spring
 Puts her new livery on.

My soul, in every scene admire
 The wisdom and the power :
 Behold thy God in every plant,
 In every opening flower.

Yet in his word the God of grace,
 Has wrote his fairer name ;
 The wonders of redeeming love
 My noblest songs shall claim.

With warmest beams, thou God of grace,
 Shine on this heart of mine ;
 Turn thou my Winter into Spring,
 And be the glory thine.

16

L. M.

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.

The unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display ;
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the listening earth
 Repeats the story of her birth :

While all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ?
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ?

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing, as they shine,
" The hand that made us is divine."

17

C. M.

THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess,
Thy goodness we adore ;
A spring whose blessings never fail—
A sea without a shore.

Sun, moon, and stars thy love attest,
In ev'ry golden ray ;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love brings back the day.

Thy bounty every season crowns
With all the bliss it yields,
With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strength'ning grain the fields.

But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen ;
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines
Without a cloud between.

Pardon, acceptance, peace, and joy,
Through Jesus' name are given ;
He on the cross was lifted high
That we might rise in heaven.

18

L. M.

TRIUMPHANT Lord, thy goodness reigns
Through all the wide celestial plains ;
And its full streams redundant flow,
To the abodes of men below.

O! that each hungering, thirsting heart,
 May taste and feel how good thou art!
 With grateful love, and reverend fear,
 May know how blest thy children are.

Lo! nature burst into a song:
 The echoing hills, the notes prolong:
 Earth, seas, and stars, their anthems raise,
 All vocal with their Maker's praise.

Come saints, with joy the theme pursue,
 Its sweetest notes belong to you;
 Call'd by this condescending King,
 For ever round his throne to sing.

His Providence.

19

C. M.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

You fearful saints, fresh courage take,
 The clouds you so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace;
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding ev'ry hour;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flow'r.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain;
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

20

C. M.

HOSANNA, with a cheerful sound,
 To God's upholding hand ;
 Ten thousand snares attend us round.
 And yet secure we stand !

That was a most amazing pow'r
 That rais'd us with a word ;
 And ev'ry day and ev'ry hour
 We lean upon the Lord.

The ev'ning rests our weary head,
 And angels guard the room ;
 We wake, and we admire the bed
 That was not made our tomb.

The rising morning can't assure
 That we shall end the day ;
 For death stands ready at the door
 To take our lives away.

Our breath is forfeited by sin
 To God's avenging law ;
 We own thy grace, immortal King,
 In ev'ry breath we draw.

God is our Sun, whose daily light
 Our joy and safety brings ;
 Our feeble flesh lies safe at night
 Beneath his cov'ring wings.

21

C. M.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord !
 How sure is their defence !
 Eternal Wisdom is their guide !
 Their help, Omnipotence !

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
 Supported by thy care,
 Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
 And breathe in tainted air.

When by the dreadful tempest borne,
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will ;
The sea that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore ;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

22

S. M.

HOW various and how new,
Are thy compassions, Lord !
Each morning shall thy mercies show—
Each night thy truth record.

Thy goodness, like the sun,
Dawned on our early days,
'Ere infant reason had begun
To form our lips to praise.

Each object we beheld
Gave pleasure to our eyes ;
And nature all our senses held
In bands of sweet surprise.

But pleasures more refined
Awaited that blest day,
When light arose upon our mind,
And chased our sins away.

How new thy mercies, then !
 How sovereign and how free !
 Our souls, that had been dead in sin,
 Were made alive to thee.

23

C. M.

IT is the Lord—enthron'd in light,
 His claims are all divine ;
 He has an undisputed right,
 To govern me and mine.

It is the Lord—who gives me all
 My wealth, my friends, my ease ;
 And of his bounties, may recal,
 Whatever part he please.

It is the Lord—my faithful God,
 Thrice blessed be his name !
 Whose gracious promise, seal'd with blood,
 Must ever be the same.

And can my soul, with hopes like these,
 Be faithless, or repine ?
 No, gracious God ! take what thou please,
 To thee I all resign.

24

L. M.

LORD, we adore thy vast designs,
 Th' obscure abyss of providence,
 Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
 Too dark to view with feeble sense.

When thou dost clothe thine awful face
 In angry frowns, without a smile,
 We, through the cloud, believe thy grace,
 Secure of thy compassion still.

Through seas and storms of deep distress
 We sail by faith, and not by sight ;
 Faith guides us in the wilderness,
 Through all the terrors of the night.

Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
 Resolve to scourge us here below,
 Still let us lean upon our God,
 Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

25

L. M.

MY helper, God, I bless his name ;
 The same his pow'r, his grace the same ;
 The tokens of his friendly care,
 Open, and crown, and close the year.

I, 'midst ten thousand dangers stand,
 Supported by his guardian hand ;
 And see, when I survey my ways,
 Ten thousand monuments of praise.

Thus far his arm has led me on ;
 Thus far I make his mercy known ;
 And while I tread this desert land,
 New mercies shall new songs demand.

My grateful soul on Jordan's shore
 Shall raise one sacred pillar more ;
 Then bear in his bright courts above,
 Inscriptions of immortal love.

26

C. M.

O GOD of Bethel ! by whose hand
 Thy people still are fed ;
 Who through this weary pilgrimage,
 Hast all our fathers led.

Our vows, our prayers, we now present,
 Before thy throne of grace ;
 God of our fathers, be the God
 Of their succeeding race.

Through each succeeding path of life,
 Our wand'ring footsteps guide ;
 Give us each day our daily bread,
 And raiment fit provide.

O spread thy cov'ring wings around,
 Till all our wand'rings cease,
 And at our Father's lov'd abode
 Our souls arrive in peace.

27

C. M.

O GOD! our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home!

Beneath the shadow of thy throne
 Thy saints have dwelt secure;
 Sufficient is thy arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth receiv'd her frame,
 From everlasting thou art God,
 To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight
 Are like an ev'ning gone;
 Short as the watch that ends the night,
 Before the rising sun.

[The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
 With all their cares and fears,
 Are carried downward with the flood,
 And lost in foll'wing years.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away;
 They fly forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the op'ning day.]

O God! our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be thou our guard while life shall last,
 And our eternal home!

28

C. M.

O PRAISE the Lord ! and thou my soul,
For ever bless his name ;
His wondrous love, while life shall last,
My constant praise shall claim.

On kings, the greatest sons of men,
Let none for aid rely ;
They cannot save in dang'rous times,
Nor timely help apply.

Then happy he who Jacob's God
For his protector takes ;
Who still, with well-plac'd hope, the Lord
His constant refuge makes.

The Lord, who made both heav'n and earth,
And all that they contain,
Will never quit his steadfast truth,
Nor make his promise vain.

29

C. M.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
Thy praises, O my God, shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distrest,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

The hosts of God encamp around,
The dwellings of the just :
And his protecting wings inclose
All who in Jesus trust.

O make but trial of his love !
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
 Have nothing else to fear ;
 Make you his service your delight ;
 He'll make your wants his care.

30

C. M.

THY kingdom, Lord, for ever stands,
 While earthly thrones decay ;
 And time submits to thy commands,
 While ages roll away.

Thy sovereign bounty freely gives
 Its unexhausted store ;
 And universal nature lives
 On thy sustaining power.

Holy and just in all thy ways,
 Thy providence divine ;
 In all thy works, immortal rays
 Of power and mercy shine.

Thy praise, O God, delightful theme !
 Shall fill my heart and tongue ;
 Let all creation bless thy name,
 In one eternal song.

31

C. M.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God !
 My rising soul surveys ;
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.

To all my weak complaints and cries
 Thy mercy lent an ear,
 'Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
 To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
 Thy tender care bestow'd,
 Before my infant heart conceiv'd
 From whence those comforts flow'd.

When in the slippery paths of youth
 With heedless steps I ran,
 Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
 And led me up to man.

Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.

Through all eternity to thee
 A joyful song I'll raise ;
 For oh ! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

His Omnipresence.

32

C. M.

GREAT God, thy penetrating eye
 Pervades my inmost powers ;
 With awe profound my wond'ring soul
 Falls prostrate and adores.

To be encompass'd round with God,
 The Holy and the Just,
 Arm'd with Omnipotence to save,
 Or crumble me to dust.

O how tremendous is the thought !
 Deep may it be impress'd,
 And may thy Spirit firmly grave
 This truth within my breast !

Begirt with thee, my fearless soul
 The gloomy vale shall tread ;
 And thou wilt bind th' immortal crown
 Of glory on my head.

33

C. M.

IN all my vast concerns with thee,
 In vain my soul would try

To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
 The notice of thine eye.
 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
 My rising and my rest,
 My public walks, my private ways,
 And secrets of my breast.
 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
 Before they're formed within,
 And 'ere my lips pronounce the word,
 He knows the sense I mean.
 O wond'rous knowledge! deep and high,
 Where can a creature hide?
 Within thy circling arms I lie,
 Beset on ev'ry side.
 So let thy grace surround me still,
 And like a bulwark prove,
 To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,
 Secur'd by sov'reign love.

34

L. M.

LORD, thou hast search'd and seen me through;
 Thine eye commands with piercing view,
 My rising and my resting hours,
 My heart and flesh with all their pow'rs.
 My thoughts before they are my own,
 Are to my God distinctly known;
 He knows the words I mean to speak,
 'Ere from my opening lips they break.
 Within thy circling pow'r I stand:
 On every side I find thy hand:
 Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
 I am surrounded still with God.
 Amazing knowledge, vast and great;
 What large extent! what lofty height!
 My soul with all the powers I boast,
 Is in the boundless prospect lost.

O may these thoughts possess my breast,
 Where'er I rove, where'er I rest !
 Nor let my weaker passions dare
 Consent to sin, for God is there.

35

C. M.

ONE glance of thine, eternal Lord,
 Pierces all nature through ;
 Nor heav'n, nor earth, nor hell afford
 A shelter from thy view !

The mighty whole, each smaller part,
 At once before thee lies ;
 And ev'ry thought of ev'ry heart
 Is open to thine eyes.

Though greatly from myself conceal'd,
 Thou seest my inward frame !
 To thee I always stand reveal'd
 Exactly as I am.

Since, therefore, I can hardly bear
 What in myself I see,
 How vile and black must I appear,
 Most holy God, to thee !

But since my Saviour stands between,
 In garments dyed in blood,
 'Tis he, instead of me, is seen
 When I approach to God.

Thus, though a sinner, I am safe ;
 He pleads before the throne,
 His life and death in my behalf,
 And calls my sins his own.

His Word.

36

C. M.

FATHER of mercies, in thy Word
 What heav'nly glory shines !

For ever be thy name ador'd,
For these celestial lines.

Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

Here the fair field of knowledge grows,
And yields a rich repast ;
Sublimier sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.

Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near ;
Teach me to love thy Sacred Word,
And view my Saviour there.

37

L. M.

GOD, who in various methods told
His mind and will to saints of old,
Sent his own Son with truth and grace,
To teach us in these latter days.

God's grace is in his word express'd ;
Able to make us wise and blest :
The doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof and comfort too.

Herein we read and learn his love,
In kind epistles from above ;

And by this deed of gift is given,
The bright inheritance of heaven.

38

C. M.

HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given !
Bright as a lamp its precepts shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, love, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way ;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

39

C. M.

LET avarice from shore to shore,
Her idol wealth pursue ;
Thy word, O Lord, we value more
Than India or Peru.

Here mines of knowledge, love, and joy,
Are open to our sight ;
The purest gold without alloy,
And gems divinely bright.

Here, light descending from above,
Directs our stumbling feet ;
Here promised life, and peace, and love,
Our largest wishes meet.

The counsels of redeeming grace,
These sacred truths unfold ;
And here the Saviour's lovely face,
Our eyes by faith behold.

Our numerous griefs are here redress'd,
 And all our wants supplied ;
 Naught we can ask to make us blest,
 Is in this book denied.

For these inestimable gains,
 That so enrich the mind,
 O may we search with eager pains,
 Assur'd that we shall find.

40

C. M.

LORD, we have made thy word our choice ;
 Our lasting heritage ;
 Therein our noblest powers rejoice ;
 Our warmest thoughts engage.

We'll read the hist'ries of thy love,
 And keep thy laws in sight,
 While through thy promises we rove,
 With ever fresh delight.

'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
 Where springs of life arise,
 Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
 And hidden glory lies.

The best relief that mourners have,
 It makes our sorrows blest ;
 Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
 And our eternal rest.

Still may thy counsels, gracious Lord,
 Our wandering feet command ;
 Nor we forsake the happy road,
 That leads to thy right hand.

41

C. M.

OHOW I love thy holy law !
 'Tis daily my delight ;
 And thence my meditations draw
 Divine advice by night.

My waking eyes prevent the day,
 To meditate thy Word ;
 My soul with longing melts away,
 To hear thy gospel, Lord.

Thy heav'nly words my heart engage,
 And well employ my tongue,
 And through my weary pilgrimage,
 Yield me a heav'nly song.

When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
 Thy promises of grace
 Are pillars to support my hope,
 And there I write thy praise.

42

L. M.

THIS is the word of truth and love,
 Sent to the nations from above ;
 Jehovah here resolves to show
 What his almighty grace can do.

This remedy did wisdom find,
 To heal diseases of the mind ;
 This sov'reign balm, whose virtues can
 Restore the ruin'd creature, man.

This gospel bids the dead revive,
 Sinners obey the voice and live,
 Dry bones are rais'd and cloth'd afresh,
 And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.

Still may his grace my soul renew ;
 Let sinners gaze and hate me too,
 The word that saves me does engage
 A sure defence from all their rage.

43

C. M.

WHAT glory gilds the sacred page,
 Majestic like the sun ;
 It gives a light to every age—
 It gives, but borrows none.

The hand that gave it still supplies
 The gracious light and heat :
 Its truths upon the nations rise—
 They rise but never set.

Let everlasting thanks be thine,
 For such a bright display,
 As makes a world of darkness shine
 With beams of heavenly day.

My soul rejoices to pursue
 The steps of him I love,
 Till glory breaks upon my view,
 In brighter worlds above.

44

C. M.

WHEN Israel through the desert pass'd,
 A fiery pillar went before,
 To guide them through the dreary waste
 And lessen the fatigues they bore.

Such is thy glorious word, O God !
 'Tis for our light and guidance given ;
 It sheds a lustre all abroad,
 And points the path to bliss and heaven.

It fills the soul with sweet delight,
 And quickens our inactive powers ;
 It sets our wandering footsteps right ;
 Displays thy love, and kindles ours.

Its promises rejoice our hearts ;
 Its doctrines are divinely true ;
 Knowledge and pleasure it imparts ;
 It comforts and instructs us too.

His Love to Man.

45

C. M.

COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
 And lift your souls above ;

Let ev'ry heart and voice accord
 To sing that God is love.
 This precious truth his word declares,
 And all his mercies prove ;
 Yes ! Jesus, gift of gifts, appears
 To show that God is love.
 Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,
 Thunders his dreadful name ;
 But Zion sings, in melting notes,
 The honors of the Lamb.
 In all his doctrines and commands,
 His counsels and designs—
 In every work his hands have framed,
 His love supremely shines.
 Angels and men, the news proclaim
 Through earth and heaven above,
 The joyful and transporting news,
 That God, the Lord, is love !

46

L. M.

GLORY to God ! who reigns above,
 Who dwells in light, whose name is Love !
 Come, saints and angels, if you can,
 Declare the love of God to man.
 O ! what can more his love commend
 Than his belov'd from heaven to send ?
 To die that man condemned might live,
 And God be glorious to forgive.
 When Gentiles Judah's sceptre took,
 The Shiloh came as Jacob spoke :
 When Daniel's weeks were nearly gone,
 Christ died for sins—but not his own.
 In Jesus—highest, lowest child,
 Are all the prophecies fulfilled :
 His birth, life, death, and rise, and reign,
 Prove him Immanuel—God and man.

47

L. M.

GOD of salvation, we adore,
 Thy saving love, thy saving power ;
 And to our utmost stretch of thought,
 Hail the redemption thou hast wrought.

To moles and bats cast human pride ;
 Let God alone be magnified ;
 His glory let the heav'ns resound,
 Shouted from earth's remotest bound.

Let all who his salvation know,
 Saints, who but taste it here below,
 Join every angel's voice to raise
 Continued, never-ending praise.

48

7's.

LOVE divine ! how sweet the sound,
 Swell the theme on earth around :
 Every saint that dwells below,
 Should with heavenly raptures glow.

Love, that brings salvation free,
 Love divine, to pardon me !
 Love, that makes heaven's blessings mine ;
 Love, that will eternal shine.

Sweet affections flow from hence,
 Far above the joys of sense ;
 Let me thus for ever be,
 Full of love and full of thee.

While in earthly tents I stay,
 Love divine shall tune my lay ;
 When I soar to heaven above,
 Still I'll praise my Saviour's love.

THE GOSPEL.

Free and Full Salvation.

49

L. M.

AND is salvation brought so near,
 Where sinful men expiring lie !
 Triumph, my soul, the sound to hear,
 And shout it joyous to the skies.

I ask not who to heaven shall scale,
 That Christ the Saviour thence may come ;
 Or who earth's inmost depths assail,
 To bring him from the dreary tomb.

From heaven on wings of love he flew,
 And Conqueror from the tomb he sprung ;
 My heart believes the record true,
 And dictates to my joyful tongue.

I sing salvation brought so near,
 And life through him who stooped to die ;
 O ! that the world the joys would share !
 And shout them echoing to the sky.

50

C. M.

BEHOLD salvation in the Lord
 For wretched, dying men !
 His hand has wrote the sacred word,
 With an immortal pen.

His word of gospel grace is strong
 As that which built the skies ;
 The voice which rolled the stars along
 Spake all the promises.

He said, " Let the wide heaven be spread,"
 And heaven was stretched abroad :
 " Abram, I'll be thy God," he said,
 And he was Abram's God.

Thy promise, Lord, supports our hope—
 Thy love our love constrains—
 Thy bounties call obedience up—
 Thy life all life maintains.

51

C. M.

BLESS'D are our souls that hear and know,
 The gospel joyful sound ;
 Our peace doth like a river flow,
 We're with salvation crowned.

Jesus ! that all enlivening name,
 Does all our fears remove ;
 We feed upon the paschal Lamb,
 Protected by his love.

We walk, O Father, in thy light,
 Which shines in Jesus' face ;
 Nor clouds can darken, nor can night
 Eclipse the Saviour's grace.

We are but strangers travelling through,
 To heaven our resting place ;
 And Jesus only will we know,
 For we are saved by grace.

52

4-6's & 2-8's.

BLLOW you the trumpet, blow,
 The gladly solemn sound !
 Let all the nations know
 To earth's remotest bound,
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, you ransom'd sinners, home.

Extol the Lamb of God,
 The sin-atoning Lamb ;
 Redemption by his blood
 Through all ths world proclaim ;
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, you ransom'd sinners, home.

The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of heavenly grace ;
 And, sav'd from earth, appear
 Before your Saviour's face :
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, you ransom'd sinners, home.

Jesus, our great High Priest,
 Propitiation made ;
 You weary spirits rest,
 You mournful souls be glad :
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, you ransom'd sinners, home.

53

L. M.

“ COME hither, all ye weary souls,
 Ye heavy laden sinners come ;
 I'll give you rest from all your toils,
 And raise you to my heavenly home.

“They shall find rest that learn of me ;
 I'm of a meek and lowly mind ;
 But passion rages like the sea,
 And pride is restless as the wind.

Jesus, we come at thy command,
 With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
 Resign our spirits to thy hand,
 To mould and guide us at thy will.

54

L. M.

COME, sinners, to the gospel feast,
 Let every soul be Jesus' guest ;
 You need not one be left behind,
 For God has bidden all mankind.

Hark ! 'tis the Saviour's gracious call,
 The invitation is to all ;
 Come, all the world—come, sinner, thou !
 All things in Christ are ready now.

Come, all who are by sin oppress'd—
 The weary wand'ers after rest ;
 The poor, the maim'd, the halt, and blind,
 In Christ a hearty welcome find.

The message, as from God, receive,
 You all may come to Christ and live ;
 O let this love your hearts constrain,
 Nor suffer him to call in vain.

55

L. M.

COME, weary souls, with sin distress'd,
 Come, and accept the proffer'd rest ;
 The Saviour's gracious call obey,
 And cast your gloomy fears away.

Opress'd with guilt, a heavy load,
 O ! come and spread your woes abroad ;
 Divine compassion, mighty love,
 Will all the painful load remove.

Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
 To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes ;
 Pardon, and life, and endless peace,
 How rich the gift, how free the grace !

Lord, we accept with thankful heart,
 The hope thy gracious words impart ;
 We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
 And bless thy kind inviting voice.

56

C. M.

GLORY to God on high, be giv'n,
 Who pitied dying men ;
 Who sent Messiah down from heav'n,
 To bear the sinner's sin.

Behold the obedient Lord laid down,
 In Jordan's death-like flood ;
 And rising, hear the Father own
 Him 'loved-one Son of God.

But O ! behold the Prince of life
Laid low in death's deep wave ;
He rose—he lives—the Son of God—
Omnipotent to save.

Bright angels, strike your loudest strings ;
Your sweetest voices raise ;
Let heaven and all created things
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

57

L. M.

GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known ;
'Tis here his richest mercies shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

Here sinners of an humble frame,
May taste his grace and learn his name ;
'Tis writ in characters of blood,
Severely just—immensely good.

Here Jesus, in ten thousand ways,
His soul-attracting charms displays ;
Recounts his poverty and pains,
And tells his love in melting strains.

May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye,
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage.

58

C. M.

HOW free and boundless is the grace
Of our redeeming God !
Extending to the Greek and Jew,
And men of ev'ry blood.

The mightiest king, the meanest slave,
May his rich mercy taste ;
He bids the beggar and the prince
Come to the gospel feast.

None are excluded thence, but those
 Who do themselves exclude :
 Welcome the learned and polite,
 The ignorant and rude.

Come, then, you men of ev'ry name,
 Of ev'ry tribe and tongue ;
 What you are willing to receive
 May unto you belong.

59

C. M.

HOW much the drooping hearts revive,
 Of those who fear the Lord,
 When sinners dead are made alive
 By his reviving word !

The servants of the Lord rejoice,
 When souls receive the word ;
 When ransom'd sinners hear his voice,
 Return and love the Lord.

The church of God their praises join,
 And of salvation sing ;
 They glorify the grace divine
 Of their victorious King.

In heav'n above, th' angelic throng
 Around the throne rejoice :
 But sinners sav'd should swell the song
 With loudest, sweetest voice.

60

C. M.

HO ! ye that thirst, a living fount
 For you is opened wide—
 The fount that gush'd from Calv'ry's mount,
 From our Redeemer's side.

Come, seek salvation through this blood
 So freely poured for you ;
 O leave the broad and downward road
 That leads to endless woe.

Come, ye who long in vain have sought
True happiness to find ;
In all the joys of earth there's naught
Can fill th' immortal mind.

Come and partake the blessed feast
That Christ for you has spread ;
Not all the treasures of the East
Can buy this living bread.

Come, join the humble happy band,
That sing redemption's lay ;
With them, united heart and hand,
Pursue the heavenly way.

61

C. M.

JESUS, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak ;
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And turn the scorning Greek.

Wide as the reach of Satan's rage,
Does thy salvation flow ;
'Tis not confined to sex nor age,
The lofty nor the low.

While grace is offered to the prince,
The poor may take his share ;
No mortal has a just pretence
To perish in despair.

Thy doctrine is redeeming love ;
There's virtue in thy name
To turn a raven to a dove—
The lion to a lamb.

62

C. M.

LET ev'ry ear to God attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice ;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice :

Ho ! all you hungry, starving souls,
Who feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive, with earthly toys,
To feed th' immortal mind.

Eternal Wisdom has prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join ;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

Great God ! the treasures of thy love,
Are everlasting mines,
Deeper than all our mis'ries are,
And boundless as our sins.

63

C. M.

LO ! Wisdom stands with smiling face,
And courts us to her arms ;
Who can resist the wondrous grace,
And slight her powerful charms ?

She, gen'rous, holds out to our sight,
Riches which shall endure ;
Nor sparkling rubies half so bright,
Nor finest gold so pure.

Eternal pleasures fill her train,
Pleasures that never cloy ;
Come, drink of bliss unmix'd with pain,
And taste celestial joy.

Immortal crowns she now displays,
And thrones beyond the skies ;
Accept her blessings while she stays,
And seize the glorious prize.

64

L. M.

NOT to condemn the sons of men,
 Did Christ the Son of God appear ;
 No weapons in his hands were seen ;
 No flaming sword nor thunder there :
 Such was the sympathy of God,
 He loved the sons of men so well,
 He gave his Son to bear our load
 Of sins, and save our souls from hell !
 Believing thus the Saviour's word,
 And trusting in his name we live :
 Ten thousand joys his lips afford ;
 His hands ten thousand blessings give.

65

7's.

NOW begin the heav'nly theme,
 Sing aloud in Jesus' name ;
 You who his salvation prove,
 Triumph in redeeming love.
 Mourning souls, dry up your tears
 Banish all your guilty fears ;
 See your guilt and curse remove,
 Cancell'd by redeeming love.
 Welcome all by sin oppress'd,
 Welcome to his sacred rest ;
 Nothing brought him from above—
 Nothing but redeeming love.
 He subdu'd th' infernal powers,
 Those tremendous foes of ours,
 From their cursed empire drove ;
 Mighty in redeeming love.
 Hither, then, your music bring,
 Strike aloud each cheerful string ;
 Mortals, join the hosts above,
 Join to praise redeeming love.

66

L. M.

O LOVE, beyond conception great,
That formed the vast stupendous plan ;
Where all divine perfections meet,
To reconcile rebellious man.

There wisdom shines in fullest blaze,
And justice all her right maintains ;
Astonished angels stoop to gaze,
While mercy o'er the guilty reigns.

Yes, mercy reigns, and justice too ;
In Christ they both harmonious meet ;
He paid to justice all her due,
And now he fills the mercy seat.

67

8-7-4's.

ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend ;
His is love, beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end :
Hallelujah !

Costly, free, and knows no end.

Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood ?
But this Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in him to God :
Hallelujah !

Reconciled in him to God.

When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of Sinners was his name ;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same :
Hallelujah !

He rejoices in the same.

Here our souls on him reposing,
Still he keeps in perfect peace ;

With salvation-walls inclosing,
 Till we see him face to face :
 Hallelujah !
 Till we see him face to face.

68

C. M.

ON Zion, his most holy mount,
 God has a feast prepared ;
 And Israel's sons, and Gentile lands,
 Have in the banquet shared.

Marrow and fatness are the food
 His bounteous hand bestows ;
 Wine on the lees, and well refined,
 In rich abundance flows.

See ! to the vilest of the vile
 A free acceptance given !
 E'en we, by his adopting grace,
 Sit as the heirs of heaven !

But O ! what draughts of bliss unknown !
 What dainties shall be given !
 When, with the myriads round the throne,
 We join the feast of heaven.

There, joys immeasurably high
 Shall overflow the soul ;
 And springs of life, that never dry,
 In thousand channels roll.

69

C. M.

O WHAT amazing words of grace
 Are in the gospel found !
 Suited to every sinner's case,
 Who hears the joyful sound.

Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
 Are freely welcome here ;
 Salvation like a river rolls,
 Abundant, free, and clear.

Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
 Your ev'ry burdeu bring;
 Here love, unchanging love, abounds—
 A deep celestial spring!

Whoever will (O gracious word!)
 Shall of this stream partake;
 Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
 And drink for Jesus' sake!

Millions of sinners, vile as you,
 Have here found life and peace!
 Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
 And drink, adore, and bless.

70

C. M.

PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,
 We wretched sinners lay,
 Without one cheerful beam of hope,
 Or spark of glimm'ring day.

With pitying eye the Prince of Peace,
 Beheld our helpless grief:
 He saw, and (O! amazing love!)
 He ran to our relief.

Down from his shining seats above
 With joyful haste he fled,
 Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
 And dwelt among the dead.

O! for this love let rocks and hills
 Their lasting silence break,
 And all harmonious human tongues,
 Their Saviour's praises speak.

Angels assist our mighty joys,
 Strike all your harps of gold;
 But when you raise your highest notes,
 His love can ne'er be told.

71

C. M.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!

'Tis pleasant to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At death's dark door we lay;
But sav'd, we rise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky,
Unite to raise the sound.

O happy period! glorious day!
When heav'n and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, th' enraptured lay,
To sound the Saviour's praise.

72

11's.

THE Lord is the fountain of goodness and love,
Which flowing in Eden, in streams from above,
Refresh'd ev'ry moment the first happy pair,
Till sin stopped the current and brought in despair.

O wretched condition! what anguish and pain!
They thirst for the fountain, and seek it in vain;
To sin's bitter waters they fly for relief,
They drink, but the draught still increases their grief.

Glad tidings! glad tidings! no more we complain,
Our Jesus has open'd the fountain again;
Now mingled with mercy, and rich with his grace,
From Zion 'tis flowing to all the lost race.

How happy the prospect! how pleasant the road,
When led down the stream by the angel of God!
Though shallow at first, yet we find it at last
A river so boundless it cannot be pass'd.

D

Come sinner! poor sinner! 'tis boundless and free,
 In Eden once flowing, 'twas open'd for thee;
 This water has virtue to heal all complaints,
 Come, drink, ye distress'd, and rejoice with the saints.

Say not, "I'm a sinner and must not partake,"
 For this very reason the Lord bids you take;
 Say not, "Too unworthy, the vilest of all,"
 For *such*, not the *righteous*, the Lord came to call.

Come, all ye lost sinners, here life you may find—
 Come, all ye afflicted, ye halt, and ye blind—
 The Spirit invites you, the Bride bids you too;
 Come, call all your neighbors, they're welcome with you.

73

C. M.

WHAT wisdom, majesty, and grace,
 Through all the gospel shine!
 'Tis God that speaks, and we confess
 The doctrine most divine.

Down from the throne of God on high,
 The almighty Saviour comes;
 Lays his bright robes of glory by,
 And feeble flesh assumes.

The mighty debt that sinners owed,
 Upon the cross he pays;
 He rises! He ascends to God,
 To reign our Prince of peace.

Great God! with reverence we adore
 Thy justice and thy grace;
 And on thy faithfulness and power
 Our firm dependence place.

74

L. M.

WISDOM divine ordain'd the plan
 To save rebellious, fallen man;
 Attend, you sons of men, give ear,
 The righteousness of God is near.

The Saviour sent the heralds forth,
 From East to West, from South to North,
 Go, preach to all—to Israel first,
 Believe, repent, and be immers'd.

In spirit Peter preach'd aloud
 To the astonish'd list'ning crowd ;
 Convinc'd, they cry—What shall we do,
 T' escape from everlasting woe ?

Reform, he cried—in Jesus' name
 Be all immers'd, despise the shame ;
 Remission full the Lord will give,
 The Spirit too you shall receive.

This is the way ordain'd by God
 To enter his divine abode—
 His church on earth—come enter in,
 No longer serve the tyrant sin.

75

C. M.

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
 Behold a royal feast,
 Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
 For ev'ry humble guest.

See, Jesus stands with open arms ;
 He calls, he bids you come ;
 Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms ;
 But see, there yet is room.

Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart ;
 There love and pity meet ;
 Nor will he bid the soul depart,
 That trembles at his feet.

O come, and with his children taste,
 The blessings of his love,
 While hope attends the sweet repast
 Of nobler joys above.

There, with united heart and voice,
 Before th' eternal throne,
 Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice
 In ecstasies unknown.

And yet ten thousand thousand more
 Are welcome still to come ;
 Ye longing souls, the grace adore ;
 Approach—there yet is room.

76

11's.

YE prisoners of hope o'erwhelmed with grief,
 To Jesus look up for certain relief ;
 There's no condemnation in Jesus the Lord,
 But strong consolation his grace doth afford.

"None will I cast out who come," saith the Lord,
 Why then do you doubt? lay hold on his word ;
 Ye mourners of Sion, be bold to believe,
 Obey, and rely on your Saviour and live.
 Should justice appear a merciless foe,
 Yet be of good cheer and soon shall you know,
 That sinners, confessing their wickedness past,
 A plentiful blessing of pardon shall taste.

Then dry up your tears, ye children of grief,
 For Jesus appears to give you relief ;
 If you are returning to Jesus, your friend,
 Your sighing and mourning in singing shall end.

Immersion into Christ.

77

L. M.

COME, all you sons of God and view,
 Your bleeding Saviour's love to you ;
 Behold him sink with heavy woes,
 And give his life to save his foes.

Here in the pure baptismal wave,
 You see the emblem of his grave ;
 Come, all who would his laws obey,
 And view the place where Jesus lay.

When from the wat'ry tomb restor'd,
Then call to mind your rising Lord ;
You saints, lift up your joyful eyes ;
Exulting see your Saviour rise.

You, too, are buried with your Lord,
Who in the water own his word,
And joyfully receive therein,
Remission of your former sin.

Ascending from the stream, behold
An emblem of his life restor'd ;
Hence live to him who died for you,
And all his just commandments do.

78

L. M.

COME, you redeemed of the Lord,
Come and obey the sacred word :
He died and rose again for you—
What more could your Redeemer do ?

Hosanna to the church's Head,
Who suffer'd in our room and stead !
He was immers'd in Jordan's flood,
And then immers'd in sweat and blood !

Behold the grave where Jesus lay,
Before he shed his precious blood ;
How plain he mark'd the humble way
To sinners through the mystic flood.

Almighty Lord, be present still,
Thy ancient promise to fulfil,
That they who on thy name believe,
May peace and pardon here receive.

79

L. M.

DESCENDING down into the flood,
We his great suff'rings there behold,
Who in deep waters for us stood,
While floods of wrath upon him roll'd.

And when beneath the waters laid,
 Our breath suspended in their womb,
 We call to mind how Jesus died,
 And buried lay within the tomb.

As from the wat'ry grave we rise,
 We see him from death's prison freed,
 Discharg'd from sin, crown'd with the prize
 Of endless life for all his seed.

This sign does to our faith declare,
 Our part in him who once was dead ;
 For into death immers'd we are,
 And with him buried as our head.

And as the Father's glorious power
 Did life eternal to him give,
 So by this pledge he makes us sure
 That as he lives we'll also live.

80

C. M.

HERE, Saviour, we would come
 In thine appointed way ;
 Obedient to thy high commands,
 Our solemn vows we pay.

O! bless this sacred rite,
 To bring us near to thee ;
 And may we find that as our day
 Our strength shall also be.

81

8-7's.

HUMBLE souls, who seek salvation
 Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,
 Hear the voice of revelation ;
 Tread the path that Jesus trod.

Hear the blest Redeemer call you,
 Listen to his heav'nly voice ;
 Dread no ills that can befall you,
 While you make his ways your choice.

Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
 Follow him without delay ;
 Gladly his command embracing,
 Lo ! your Captain leads the way.

82

L. M.

JESUS! and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man asham'd of thee ?
 Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine through endless days.

Ashamed of Jesus !—sooner far
 Let evening blush to own a star ;
 He sheds the beams of light divine
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.

Ashamed of Jesus !—just as soon
 Let midnight be ashamed of noon :
 'Tis midnight with my soul, till he
 Bright Morning Star ! bid darkness flee.

Ashamed of Jesus !—that dear friend
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend !
 No ; when I blush—be this my shame,
 That I no more revere his name.

Ashamed of Jesus !—yes I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away,
 No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.

Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
 Till then, I boast a Saviour slain !
 And O, may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not ashamed of me !

[His institutions would I prize,
 Take up my cross, the shame despise ;
 Dare to defend his noble cause,
 And yield obedience to his laws.]

83

C. M.

JESUS, 'ere thou did'st seek the skies,
 When from the grave set free,
 Thou did'st command us to baptize
 Disciples into thee.

Lord, we, thy willing servants, are
 Assembled here to-day,
 Baptized in water to declare
 We thy commands obey.

Now as we humbly seek thy face,
 May we thy goodness prove ;
 Unite us in thy heavenly grace,
 And in the joy of love.

84

8-7's.

JESUS, mighty King in Zion,
 Thou alone our Guide shalt be ;
 Thy commission we rely on ;
 We would follow none but thee.

As an emblem of thy passion,
 And thy vict'ry o'er the grave,
 We, who know thy great salvation,
 Are baptiz'd beneath the wave.

Fearless of the world's despising,
 We the ancient path pursue,
 Buried with our Lord, and rising
 To a life divinely new.

85

C. M.

O LORD, and will thy pard'ning love
 Embrace a wretch so vile ?
 Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
 And bless me with thy smile ?
 Hast thou the cross for me endur'd,
 And all its shame despis'd ?

And shall I be asham'd, O Lord,
 With thee to be baptiz'd ?
 Didst thou the great example lead,
 In Jordan's swelling flood ?
 And shall my pride disdain the deed,
 That's worthy of my God ?
 O Lord, the ardor of thy love
 Reproves my cold delays ;
 And now my willing footsteps move
 In thy delightful ways.

86

C. M.

O LORD, we in thy footsteps tread,
 With joy thy cause maintain ;
 Like Jesus number'd with the dead,
 Like him we rise and reign.
 Down to the hallow'd grave we go,
 Obedient to thy word ;
 'Tis thus the world around shall know
 We're buried with the Lord.
 'Tis thus we bid its pomps adieu,
 And boldly venture in ;
 O ! may we rise to live anew,
 And only die to sin.

87

C. M.

PROCLAIM, says Christ, my wondrous grace
 To all the sons of men ;
 He that believes and is immers'd,
 Salvation shall obtain.
 Let plenteous grace descend on those
 Who, hoping in thy word,
 This day have solemnly declared
 That Jesus is their Lord.

With cheerful feet may they advance,
 And run the Christian race,
 And, through the troubles of the way
 Find all-sufficient grace.

Lord, plant us all into thy death,
 That we thy life may prove—
 Partakers of thy cross beneath,
 And of thy crown above.

88

6-8's.

REFORM, and be immers'd,
 Says our redeeming Lord;
 You all are now assur'd
 That 'tis your Saviour's word:
 Arise! arise without delay,
 And his divine command obey.

You sin-convicted race.
 Now fall at Jesus' feet;
 He'll save you through his grace;
 Come, to his will submit;
 And be immers'd without delay—
 O come, and wash your sins away!

Come, you believing train,
 No more this truth withstand;
 No longer think it vain
 To honor God's command;
 But haste, arise, without delay,
 And come and wash your sins away.

Jesus, thou Prince of Peace!
 To thy great name we pray;
 May converts to thy grace
 This ordinance obey;
 And may thy love their souls allure,
 Their peace and pardon to secure!

89

C. M.

THERE'S joy in heav'n, and joy on earth,
When prodigals return,
To see desponding souls rejoice,
And haughty sinners mourn.

"Come, saints, and hear what God hath done,"
Is a reviving sound ;
O may it spread from sea to sea,
E'en all the globe around !

Often, O sov'reign Lord renew
The wonders of this day,
That Jesus here may see his seed,
And Satan lose his prey !

Great God ! the work is all thine own ;
Thine be the praises too ;
Let ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
Give thee the glory due.

90

C. M.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Pour'd from Immanuel's veins ;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

This fountain open'd once for sin,
Exhaustless still remains ;
And by an ordnance divine,
Extension wide obtains.

Where'er God's testimony goes,
Through all the world abroad ;
Where faith is found and water flows,
There also is the blood.

O wondrous love ! that for man's sake,
The Son of God should die ;
And thus his blood a laver make,
To wash us clean thereby.

O Lamb of God ! thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its pow'r,
 Till all the ransom'd sons of God
 Be sav'd—to sin no more.

91

L. M.

'TWAS the commission of our Lord,
 "Go, teach the nations, and baptize ;"
 The nations have receiv'd the word
 Since he ascended to the skies.

He sits upon th' eternal hills,
 With grace and pardon in his hands ;
 And sends his cove'nant, with its seals,
 To bless the distant Pagan lands.

"Reform and be immers'd," he saith,
 "For the remission of your sins,"
 And thus our sense assists our faith,
 And shows us what the gospel means.

Our souls he washes in his blood,
 As water makes the body clean ;
 And the good Spirit from our God
 Descends like purifying rain.

92

L. M.

WE love thy name, we love thy laws,
 And joyfully embrace thy cause ;
 We love thy cross, the shame, the pain,
 O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

We sink beneath thy mystic flood ;
 O, bathe us in thy cleansing blood ;
 We die to sin, and seek a grave
 With thee beneath the yielding wave.

And as we rise, with thee to live,
 O, let the Holy Spirit give
 The sealing unction from above,
 The breath of life, the fire of love.

No more let sin or Satan reign
 Within our mortal flesh again ;
 The various lusts we serv'd before
 Shall have dominion now no more.

93

L. M.

WHO can describe the joys that rise
 Through all the courts of Paradise,
 To see a prodigal return,
 To see an heir of glory born !

With joy the Father doth approve
 The fruit of his eternal love,
 The Son with joy looks down and sees
 The purchase of his agonies.

The Spirit takes delight to view
 The holy soul he form'd anew ;
 And saints and angels join to sing
 The growing empire of their King.

94

S. M.

WITH willing hearts we tread,
 The path the Saviour trod ;
 We love th' example of our Head,
 The glorious Lamb of God.

On thee, on thee alone,
 Our hope and faith rely ;
 O thou who didst for sin atone,
 Who didst for sinners die.

We trust thy sacrifice ;
 To thy dear cross we flee :
 O, may we die to sin, and rise
 To life and bliss in thee.

95

(CHANT.)

ALL power is given unto me
 in | heaven—and in | earth ;

Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations,—
baptizing them in the name of the Father,—
and of the | Son—and | Ho—ly | Ghost.

Repent and be baptized, every | one—of | you,
In the name of Christ,
| for the—re- | mission—of | sins.

He that believeth and is baptized,
shall be saved ;—
And now why | tarri—est | thou ?
Arise, and be baptized,—and wash away
thy sins,—calling on the
name of the Lord ;—for thus it
becometh | us—to ful- | fil—all | righteousness.

They who gladly received the
word | were—bap- | tized ;
And they of Jerusalem—were baptized in the
river | Jordan,—con- | fessing—their—sins.

Buried with Christ by baptism into death,—
they rise in the likeness
of his | res—ur- | rection,
To walk in newness of life,—
and | go—on their | way—re- | joicing.

For as many as have been baptized into Christ,
—have | put—on | Christ.

Therefore glorify God in your body,—
and in your | spirit,—which | are= | God's.

Blessed are they
that | do—his com- | mandments.

Great peace have they who love thy law,—
and nothing | shall—of- | fend= | them.

Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations to observe
all things, whatsoever I have
com- | mand—ed | you.

And lo ! | I am with you always,—
even | unto—the | end—of the | world.

96

(CHANT.)

JESUS cometh from Galilee to Jordan,—
 unto John, to | be—bap- | tized—of | him.
 And Jesus when he was baptized,—went
 up | straight—way | out—of the | water.

See, here is water ;—what doth
 binder | me—to | be—bap- | tized ?
 If thou believest
 with | all—thy | heart,—thou | mayest.

Can any man forbid water,
 that | these—should not | be—bap- | tized,
 Which have received the
 Holy | Ghost—as | well—as | we ?

When they believed the things
 concerning the kingdom of God,—
 and the | name—of | Je—sus | Christ,
 They were
 bap- | tized,—both | men—and | women.

97

(CHANT.)

WHILE in this sacred rite of thine,
 We | yield—our | spir—its | now,
 Shine o'er the waters, love divine,
 And | seal—the | cheer—ful | vow.

All glory be to him whose life
 For | ours—was | free—ly | given,
 Who aids us in the spirit's strife,
 And | makes—us | meet—for | heaven.

O may we die to earth and sin,
 Be- | neath—the | mys—tic | flood ;
 And when we rise may we begin
 To | live—a- | new—to | God.

Forgiveness of Sins and Adoption.

98

C. M.

BEHOLD th' amazing gift of love
 The Father has bestowed,
 On us, frail sinful sons of men,
 To call us sons of God.
 High is the rank we now possess,
 But higher we shall rise ;
 Though what we shall hereafter be,
 Is hid from mortal eyes.
 But this we know, when he appears,
 We shall be like our Lord ;
 For we shall see him as he is,
 In power, enthroned, adored.
 Blessed with this high and heavenly hope,
 We trials would endure ;
 And aim each day to purify
 Ourselves, as Christ is pure.

99

L. M.

“ BEHOLD the Lamb ! the atoning Lamb,”
 Descending from his throne above,
 To take our guilt, to bear our shame,
 To save our souls, and win our love.
 Our sins and griefs on him were laid ;
 He suffering bore the mighty load :
 Our ransom-price he freely paid,
 In groans, and pains, and tears, and blood.
 Salvation is in Jesus' name ;
 He bids the dying sinner live ;
 Pardon and peace abound through him—
 He doth the Holy Spirit give.
 The troubled conscience knows his voice,
 And all our inmost powers revive ;
 And sinners, changed to saints, rejoice,
 Die to the world, to Jesus live.

100

L. M.

EARTH has a joy unknown in heav'n—
 The new-born joy of sins forgiv'n ;
 Tears of such pure and deep delight,
 O angels ! never dimm'd your sight.

You saw of old on chaos rise
 The beauteous pillars of the skies ;
 You know where morn exulting springs,
 And ev'ning folds her drooping wings.

Bright heralds of th' Eternal Will,
 Abroad his errands you fulfil ;
 Or, thron'd in floods of beamy day,
 Symphonious in his presence play.

Loud is the song—the heav'nly plain
 Is shaken with the choral strain ;
 And dying echoes, floating far,
 Draw music from each chiming star.

But I amid your choirs shall shine,
 And all your knowledge shall be mine ;
 You on your harps must lean to hear
 A secret chord that mine will bear.

101

L. M.

FORGIVENESS ! 'tis a joyful sound
 To sinners justly doom'd to die ;
 Publish the bliss the world around ;
 You seraphs, shout it from the sky.

'Tis the rich gift of love divine ;
 'Tis full, out-measuring ev'ry crime ;
 Unclouded shall its glories shine,
 And feel no change by changing time.

For this stupendous love of heav'n,
 What grateful honors shall we show !
 Where much transgression is forgiv'n,
 Let love in equal ardor glow.

By this inspir'd, let all our days,
 With gospel holiness be crown'd ;
 Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise,
 In all abide, in all abound.

102

7's.

GLORY be to God on high !
 Heaven and earth resound with joy,
 Joy, at news of pardoned sin ;
 Peace on earth, good-will to men.
 Hail, by all thy saints adored !
 Mighty, everlasting Lord !
 Thee with thankful hearts we praise,
 Jesus, full of truth and grace.
 Christ, the Lamb of God, once slain,
 Paid our debt, and bare our pain :
 Christ the Saviour, we confess,
 Is our peace, our righteousness.
 Reconciled by him to God,
 We proclaim his love aloud ;
 And with boldness drawing nigh—
 " Father, Abba, Father !" cry.

103

L. M.

GREAT God of wonders ! all thy ways
 Are matchless, god-like, and divine !
 But the fair glories of thy grace,
 O'er all thy name unrivalled shine.
 Who is a pardoning God like thee ?
 Or who has grace so rich and free ?
 Angels and men resign their claim
 To righteous mercy, truth in peace ;
 These glories crown Jehovah's name,
 With an incomparable grace.
 Who is a pardoning God like thee ?
 Or who has grace so rich and free ?

In wonder lost, with trembling joy,
We take the pardon of our God ;
Pardon of crimes of deepest dye,
Forgiveness sealed with Jesus' blood.
Who is a pardoning God like thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?

O may this strange, this matchless grace,
This god-like miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
As praise shall fill the realms above.
Who is a pardoning God like thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?

104

P. M.

HOW happy are they who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above !
Tongue cannot express the sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in the Saviour's love.

This comfort is mine, since the favor divine,
I have found in the blood of the Lamb :
Since the truth I believ'd, what a joy I've receiv'd,
What a heaven in Jesus' blest name !

'Tis a heaven below my Redeemer to know,
And the angels can do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet, and the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore !

Jesus all the day long is my joy and my song ;
O that all to this refuge may fly !
He has lov'd me, I cried, he has suffer'd and died,
To redeem such a rebel as I !

On the wings of his love I am carried above
All my sin, and temptation, and pain ;
O why should I grieve, while on him I believe !
O why should I sorrow again !

O the rapturous height of that holy delight,
Which I find in the life-giving blood !
Of my Saviour possess'd I am perfectly bless'd,
Being fill'd with the fulness of God !

Now my remnant of days will I spend to his praise,
Who has died me from sin to redeem ;
Whether many or few, all my years are his due ;
They shall all be devoted to him.

What a mercy is this ! what a heaven of bliss !
How unspeakably happy am I ?
Gather'd into the fold, with believers enroll'd—
With believers to live and to die !

105

C. M.

HOW happy is the Christian state !

Past sins are all forgiven ;
An oath of God confirms the grace,
That lifts our hopes to heaven.

Though in the rugged path of life,
We heave the pensive sigh ;
Yet trusting in the Lord, we find
Delivering grace is nigh.

If, to prevent our wandering steps,
We feel his chastening rod ;
The gentle stroke shall bring us back
To our forgiving God.

And when the welcome message comes,
To call our souls away,
Our souls, in rapture, shall ascend
To everlasting day.

106

S. M.

MY soul repeat his praise,
Whose pitying love is great ;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

God will not always chide,
 And when his rod is felt,
 His strokes are few compared with crimes,
 And light compared with guilt.

High as the heavens are raised
 Above this ground we tread;
 So far the riches of his grace
 Our highest thoughts exceed.

His grace subdues our sins,
 And his forgiving love,
 Far as the East is from the West,
 Does all our guilt remove.

107

S. M.

NOT all the blood of beasts,
 On Jewish altars slain,
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,
 Or wash away its stain.

But Christ the heav'nly Lamb,
 Bears all our sins away;
 A sacrifice of nobler name,
 And richer blood than they.

Believing, we rejoice
 To see the curse remove;
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
 And sing his dying love.

108

L. M.

O LORD, how just and true thy ways;
 How sure thy word! how rich thy grace!
 From heaven, thy dwelling-place above,
 Flow down to us thy gifts of love.

As high as thou, above our head,
 The starry firmament hast spread;
 So far exceeds thy wondrous grace,
 Our highest thoughts, our utmost praise.

As distant as thy wisdom placed,
 The rising morning from the West ;
 So far thou dost our sins remove,
 With all a father's pitying love.

Thy mercy is for ever sure :
 Thy righteousness shall still endure ;
 Through every age thy grace shall reign,
 And none shall seek thy face in vain.

O may our God be ever blessed ;
 His name be o'er the earth confessed ;
 And all his saints with one accord,
 Join in the song—" Praise ye the Lord."

109

S. M.

OUR heavenly Father calls,
 And Christ invites us near ;
 We prove the fellowship most sweet,
 And the communion dear.

The Lord partakes our grief,
 He pardons every day ;
 Almighty to protect our souls,
 And wise to guide our ways.

We love our living Head,
 We bless his faithful care,
 Our Advocate before the throne,
 And our Forerunner there.

Here rest my weary heart,
 Here cleave my warmest love,
 Till the communion be complete
 In nobler scenes above.

110

8-7's.

PRIEST and Victim, Lord's Anointed,
 All our sins on thee were laid ;
 As in love divine appointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made.

Now that thou hast opened heaven,
 Peace for man hast made with God ;
 We have all our sins forgiven,
 Through thy name, thy cross, thy blood.
 While we're following, praising, pleading,
 Thou our mansions dost prepare ;
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till around thee we appear.
 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive ;
 Loud thanksgiving, praise unceasing,
 Are the least that we should give.

The Throne of Grace.

111

S. M.

BEHOLD the throne of grace,
 The promise calls us near ;
 There Jesus shows a smiling face,
 And waits to answer prayer.
 That rich atoning blood,
 Which sprinkled round we see,
 Gives each who comes through him to God
 An all-prevailing plea.
 Beyond our utmost wants
 His love and power can bless ;
 To all our prayers of faith he grants
 More than our prayers express.
 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
 Thy presence and thy love ;
 We ask to serve thee here below,
 And reign with thee above.
 Teach us to live by faith,
 Conform our wills to thine ;
 Let us victorious be in death,
 And then in glory shine.

112

L. M.

BLESS'D are the humble souls that see
 Their emptiness and poverty ;
 Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,
 And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.

Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
 Who mourn for sin with inward smart ;
 The blood of Christ divinely flows,
 A healing balm for all their woes.

Bless'd are the souls who through his grace,
 Hunger and thirst for righteousness ;
 They shall be well supplied, and fed
 With living streams and living bread.

Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,
 Who quench the coals of growing strife ;
 They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
 The sons of God, the God of peace.

Bless'd are the suff'ers who partake
 Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake !
 Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
 Glory and joy are their reward.

113

C. M.

COME, let our hearts and voices join
 To praise the Saviour's name ;
 Whose truth and kindness are divine,
 Whose love is still the same.

When most we need his gracious hand,
 This friend is always near ;
 With heav'n and earth at his command,
 He waits to answer pray'r.

His love no end nor measure knows,
 No change can turn its course ;
 Immutably the same it flows
 From one eternal source.

114

C. M.

FATHER of all, we bow to thee,
Who dwell'st in heav'n ador'd,
But present still through all thy works,
The universal Lord.

For ever hallow'd be thy name
By all beneath the skies ;
And let thy kingdom still advance
Till grace to glory rise.

A grateful homage let us yield,
With hearts resigned to thee ;
And as in heav'n thy will is done,
On earth so let it be.

From day to day we humbly own
The hand that feeds us still ;
Give us our bread, and teach to rest
Contented with thy will.

Our sins before thee we confess,
O may we be forgiv'n !
As we to others mercy show,
We mercy beg from heav'n.

115

C. M.

FATHER, I know thy ways are just,
Although to me unknown ;
O, grant me grace thy love to trust,
And cry, "Thy will be done."

If thou shouldst hedge with thorns my path,
Should wealth and friends be gone,
Still, with a firm and lively faith,
I'll cry, "Thy will be done."

Although thy steps I cannot trace,
Thy sov'reign right I'll own ;
And, as instructed by thy grace,
I'll cry, "Thy will be done."

116

C. M.

FATHER of mercies now excite
 In us a thankful mind ;
 Thy loving kindness, oh, how great
 To us and all mankind !

Thanks for creation are thy due,
 For life preserved by thee ;
 And all thy blessings, fresh and new,
 So great and yet so free.

Thanks for redemption to our race,
 By thee through Jesus given ;
 Thanks for the plenteous means of grace,
 And for the hope of heaven.

O may thy goodness, all our days,
 Our best affections move ;
 That while our lips proclaim thy praise,
 Our hearts may feel thy love.

117

C. M.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sovereign will denies ;
 Accepted at thy throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise :

Give me a calm and thankful heart,
 From every murmur free ;
 The blessings of thy grace impart,
 And make me live to thee.

Let the sweet hope that I am thine,
 My life and death attend ;
 Thy love on all my journey shine,
 And crown my journey's end.

118

L. M.

FROM ev'ry stormy wind that blows,
 From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,

There is a calm, a sure retreat—
'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides most sweet—
It is the blood-bought mercy seat.

There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy seat.

Ah ! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd ;
Or, how the host of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring souls no mercy seat ?

There ! there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more,
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy seat !

119

S. M.

GRACE ! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear ;
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

Grace first contriv'd the way
To save rebellious man ;
And all the means that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

Grace guides our wand'ring feet
To tread the heav'nly road ;
And new supplies each hour we meet,
While pressing on to God.

Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

120

8-7-4.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land;
 I am weak, but thou art mighty,
 Hold me with thy powerful hand:
 Strong deliverer,
 Guide me to thy promised land.

With me, O thou smitten Fountain!
 Let thy living waters flow:
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
 Lead me all my journey through:
 Bread of heaven,
 Still my fainting strength renew.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Bear me through the swelling waters,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:
 Where with Jesus
 I for ever shall abide.

121

S. M.

HOW charming is the place,
 Where our redeeming Lord,
 Unveils the beauties of his face,
 And sheds his love abroad!

Not the fair palaces,
 To which the great resort,
 Are once to be compared to this,
 Where Jesus holds his court.

Here, on the mercy seat,
 With radiant glory crowned;
 In faith, our eyes behold him sit,
 And smile on all around.

Through him all prayers and cries,
 Our grateful souls present;

He hears, he pleads our humble sighs,
And gives us all we want.

Grant me, O Lord, a place,
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

122

C. M.

HOW happy all who know the Lord,
With whom he deigns to dwell ;
He feeds and cheers us by his word,
His arm supports us well.

To us, in each distressing hour,
His throne of grace is near ;
And when we plead his love and power,
He stands engaged to hear.

His presence sweetens all our cares,
And makes our burdens light ;
His word of truth dispels our fears,
And turns to day our night.

Lord, we enjoy, and highly prize,
These tokens of thy love ;
Soon shalt thou bid our spirits rise
To sing thy praise above.

123

7's.

LORD, we come before thee now ;
At thy feet we humbly bow :
O, do not our suit disdain ;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?

Lord, on thee our souls depend ;
In compassion now descend ;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace ;
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee ; here we stay ;

Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind ;
Heal the sick ; the captive free ;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

124

7's.

MET again in Jesus' name,
At the throne of grace to bow ;
He, who to redeem us came,
Hears us, sees us, meets us now.

We can never meet in vain,
Though we number but a few,
Since his promise does remain,
" Lo ! I always am with you."

Casting, Lord, our care on thee ;
Meeting thus on thee to call ,
Jesus, now and ever be
" In the midst" to bless us all.

125

C. M.

NOW from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love arise ;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

Minutes and mercies, multiplied,
Have made up all this day ;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift, more free, than they.

New time, new favors, and new joys,
Do a new song demand ;
" Christ crucified" shall be our theme,
Till we on Canaan stand.

Lord of our time, who still dost add
 New days to our long score ;
 Thee may we praise for all our days
 When time shall be no more. .

126

C. M.

O LORD! we would delight in Thee,
 And on thy care depend ;
 To Thee in every trouble flee—
 Our able, willing friend.

When all created streams are dried,
 Thy fulness is the same ;
 May we with this be satisfied,
 And glory in thy name !

Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
 Who has a fountain near—
 A fountain, which will ever run
 With waters sweet and clear ?

O that we had a stronger faith,
 To look within the veil—
 To credit what our Saviour saith,
 Whose word can never fail !

We cast our care, O Lord, on Thee,
 And view thy gifts in store ;
 Henceforth our great concern shall be,
 To love and serve Thee more.

127

L. M.

POOR, weak, and worthless though I am,
 I have a rich, almighty friend ;
 Jesus, the Saviour, is his name,
 He freely loves, and without end.

He ransomed me from hell with blood,
 And by his power my foes controlled ;
 He found me wand'ring far from God,
 And called me to his blessed fold.

He cheers my heart, my wants supplies,
 And says that I shall shortly be
 Enthroned with him above the skies—
 O! what a friend is Christ to me!

128

7s.

SOVREIGN Ruler of the skies!
 Ever gracious, ever wise!
 All my times are in thy hand:
 All events at thy command.

He that formed me in the womb—
 He shall guide me to the tomb:
 All my times shall ever be,
 Order'd by his wise decree.

O thou Gracious, Wise, and Just,
 In thy hands my life I trust:
 Naught but what is wise and true,
 Thou, O God, wilt ever do.

Thee, at all times, will I bless:
 Having Thee, I all possess:
 May I still submissive be,
 Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

129

C. M.

TEACH us, in time of deep distress,
 To own thy hand, O God!
 And in submissive silence learn
 The lessons of thy rod.

In ev'ry changing scene of life,
 Whate'er that scene may be,
 Give us a meek and humble mind,
 A mind at peace with thee.

Do thou direct our steps aright,
 Help us thy name to fear,
 And give us grace to watch and pray,
 And strength to persevere.

Then may we close our eyes in death
 Without a fear or care,
 For death is life, and labor rest,
 If thou art with us there.

130

L. M.

THE food on which thy children live,
 Great God, is thine alone to give ;
 And we, for grace received, would raise
 A song of gratitude and praise.

How vast, how full, how free, how fair,
 Blest Lord, thy heavenly treasures are !
 To thee, full fountain of our joys,
 We gladly come for fresh supplies.

For these, we wait upon thee, Lord,
 In love we listen to thy word ;
 Thy doctrines drop like gentle rain,
 Nor can our souls attend in vain.

131

C. M.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
 Of our High Priest above ;
 His heart is made of tenderness,
 His bowels melt with love.

Touched with a sympathy within,
 He knows our feeble frame ;
 He knows what sore temptations mean,
 For he has felt the same.

He, in the days of feeble flesh,
 Pour'd out strong cries and tears ;
 And in his measure feels afresh,
 What every member bears.

Then let our souls, with faith, address
 His mercy and his power ;
 And we shall find delivering grace
 In each distressing hour.

*Afflictions.***132**

L. M.

AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near,
 Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
 His faithful word declares to thee,
 That, "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

Let not thy heart desponding say,
 How shall I stand the trying day?
 He has engaged by firm decree,
 That, "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

The Christian race with patience run,
 Till grace complete the work begun;
 And ne'er from arduous duty flee,
 For, "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

If called to bear thy needful cross,
 Sickness or pain, distress or loss;
 Still, in all trials thou shall see,
 That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

When death itself appears in view,
 Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;
 He comes to set thy spirit free,
 And, "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

133

C. M.

A FRIEND there is—your voices join,
 You saints, to praise his name—
 Whose truth and kindness are divine,
 Whose love's a constant flame.

When most we need his helping hand,
 This Friend is always near;
 With heaven and earth at his command,
 He waits to answer prayer.

When frowns appear to veil his face,
 And clouds surround his throne,

He hides the purpose of his grace,
To make it better known.

And if our dearest comforts fall
Before his sovereign will,
He never takes away our all :
Himself he gives us still !

Our sorrows in the scale he weighs,
And measures out our pains ;
The wildest storm his word obeys,
His word its rage restrains.

134

S. M.

CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
And thy deliv'rance send ;
My soul for thy salvation faints,
When will my troubles end ?

Yet I have found, 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's rod ;
Afflictions make me learn thy law,
And live upon my God.

Had not thy word been my delight,
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul opprest with sorrow's weight,
Had sunk amongst the dead.

Before I knew thy chast'ning rod
My feet were apt to stray ;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

135

S. M.

HOW tender is thy hand,
O thou most gracious Lord !
Afflictions come at thy command,
And leave us at thy word.

How gentle was the rod
 That chasten'd us for sin !
 How soon we found a smiling God
 Where deep distress had been !
 A Father's hand we felt,
 A Father's heart we knew ;
 'Mid tears of penitence we knelt,
 And found his word was true.
 Now we will bless the Lord,
 And in his strength confide ;
 For ever be his name ador'd,
 For there is none beside.

136

C. M.

IN ev'ry trouble sharp and strong,
 My soul to Jesus flies ;
 My anchor-hold is firm in him,
 When swelling billows rise.
 His comforts bear my spirit up,
 I trust a faithful God ;
 The sure foundation of my hope,
 Is in my Saviour's blood.
 Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
 To thy Redeemer's name ;
 In joy and sorrow, life and death,
 His love is still the same.

137

L. M.

IN faith and patience we would bear,
 The troubles of this mortal state ;
 Hoping the heavenly joys to share,
 Sitting in love at Jesus' feet.
 Soon faith to vision shall ascend,
 And hope in full fruition die ;
 And patience in possession end,
 And all be love with Christ on high.

138

L. M.

MY spirit looks to God alone ;
 My rock and refuge are his throne ;
 In all my fears, in all my straits,
 My soul on his salvation waits.

Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,
 Pour out your hearts before his face ;
 When helpers fail, and foes invade,
 God is our all-sufficient aid.

139

C. M.

MY times of sorrow and of joy,
 Great God !, are in thy hand ;
 My choicest comforts come from thee,
 And go at thy command.

If thou should'st take them all away,
 Yet would I not repine ;
 Before they were possess'd by me,
 They were entirely thine.

Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
 Though the whole world were gone ;
 But seek enduring happiness,
 In Thee, and Thee alone.

140

C. M.

THE Lord of glory is my light,
 And my salvation too ;
 God is my strength ; nor will I fear
 What all my foes can do.

One privilege my heart desires ;
 O ! grant me an abode
 Among the churches of thy saints,
 The temples of my God.

There shall I offer my requests,
 And see thy beauty still ;
 Shall hear thy messages of love,
 And there inquire thy will.

When troubles rise, and storms appear,
 There may his children hide ;
 God has a strong pavilion, where
 He makes my soul abide.

Now shall my head be lifted high,
 Above my foes around,
 And songs of joy and victory
 Within thy temple sound.

141

C. M.

WHEN langor and disease invade
 This trembling house of clay,
 'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains
 And long to soar away.

Sweet to look inward, and attend
 The whispers of his love ;
 Sweet to look upwards to the place
 Where Jesus pleads above.

Sweet to look back, and see my name
 In life's fair book set down ;
 Sweet to look forward, and behold
 Eternal joys my own.

Sweet in his faithfulness to rest,
 Whose love can never end ;
 Sweet on his covenant of grace
 For all things to depend.

If such the sweetness of the streams,
 What must the fountain be,
 Where saints and angels draw their bliss
 Immediate, Lord, from Thee !

142

S. M.

WHEN, overwhelm'd with grief,
 My heart within me dies,
 Helpless, and far from all relief,
 To heaven I lift mine eyes.

O lead me to the rock
 That's high above my head,
 And make the covert of thy wings
 My shadow and my shade !

Within thy presence, Lord,
 For ever I'll abide ;
 Thou art the tow'r of my defence,
 The refuge where I hide.

Exhortatory Songs.

143

S. M.

ALL you that have confess'd
 That Jesus is the Lord,
 And to his people join'd yourselves,
 According to his word :—

In Zion you must dwell,
 Her altar ne'er forsake ;
 Must come to all her solemn feasts,
 Of all her joys partake.

She must employ your thoughts,
 And your unceasing care ;
 Her welfare be your constant wish,
 And her increase your pray'r.

With humbleness of mind,
 Among her sons rejoice :
 A meek and quiet spirit is
 With God of highest price.

Never offend, nor grieve
 Your brethren by the way ;

But shun the dark abodes of strife,
Like children of the day.

In all your Saviour's ways
With willing footsteps move ;
Be faithful unto death, and then
You'll reign with him above.

144

L. M.

AND is the gospel peace and love ?
Such let our conversation be ;
The serpent blended with the dove—
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts and tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.

O how benevolent and kind !
How mild ! how ready to forgive !
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love ;
O, if we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move !

Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be ;
Make us, by thy transforming grace,
Lord Jesus, daily more like thee.

145

C. M.

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb ?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name ?

Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease,

While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas ?

Are there no foes for me to face ?
Must I not stem the flood ?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God ?

Since I must fight if I would reign ;
Increase my courage, Lord !
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die ;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

146

C. M.

ASHAM'D of Christ ! our souls disdain
The mean, ungen'rous thought ;
Shall we disown that friend whose blood
To man salvation brought ?

With the glad news of love and peace
From heav'n to earth he came ;
For us endur'd the painful cross,
For us despis'd the shame.

To his command let us submit
Ourselves without delay ;
Our lives—yea, thousand lives of ours,
His love can ne'er repay.

Each faithful foll'wer Jesus views
With infinite delight ;

Their lives to him are dear—their death
Is precious in his sight.

To bear his name—his cross to bear—
Our highest honor this !
Who nobly suffers for him now
Shall reign with him in bliss.

147

7s.

CHILDREN of the heav'nly King
As ye journey sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
You near Jesus' throne shall rest ;
There your seats are now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land ;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

O, ye banished seed, be glad !
Christ our advocate is made ;
Us to save, our flesh assumes—
Brother to our souls becomes.

Lord ! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

148

6-8's.

COME, every pious heart,
That love's the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate his fame :
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to him you owe.

He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside,
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died :
What he endured, O ! who can tell ?
To save our souls from death and hell.

From the dark grave he rose—
The mansion of the dead—
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led :
Up through the sky the conqueror rode,
And reigns on high the Saviour God.

From thence he'll quickly come—
His chariot will not stay—
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day :
There shall we see his lovely face,
And ever live in his embrace.

149

C. M.

GO on, you pilgrims, while below,
In the sure path of peace,
Determin'd nothing else to know
But Jesus and his grace.

Observe your leader, follow him ;
He through this world has been ;
Often revil'd, but like a lamb
Did ne'er revile again.

Contend for nothing but the truth
That feeds th' immortal mind ;
For fruitless leaves no more dispute,
But leave them to the wind.

Go on rejoicing night and day,
Your crown is yet before ;
Endure the trials of the way,
The storm will soon be o'er.

Soon we shall meet the promis'd land,
With all the ransom'd race,
And join with all the glorious band,
To sing redeeming grace.

There shall we meet to sing God's praise,
And all his wonders tell,
And triumph in redeeming grace ;
And there for ever dwell.

150

L. M.

LORD, we adore thy conqu'ring grace,
Which crowns the gospel with success,
Subjecting rebels to thy yoke,
And bringing to the fold thy flock.

May we who have thy truth confess'd,
As our own faith, and hope, and rest,
From day to day still more increase
In faith, in love, in holiness !

As living members, may we share
The joys and griefs which others bear,
And active in our stations prove,
In all the offices of love.

From all temptations now defend,
And keep us steadfast to the end ;
While in thy church may we improve,
Til we join the church above !

151

L. M.

LORD, when our thoughts delighted rove,
 Amid the wonders of thy love ;
 The prospect cheers each drooping heart,
 And bids intruding fears depart.

Thy wisdom, goodness, power, and care,
 We freely, fully, daily share ;
 And, rich in promises, believe
 That thou wilt to the utmost save.

Be all our hearts, and all our days,
 Devoted to our Saviour's praise ;
 And our whole life's obedience prove,
 How much we owe, how much we love.

152

C. M.

RISE, O my soul ! pursue the path
 By ancient heroes trod ;
 Ambitious view those holy men,
 Who liv'd and walk'd with God.

Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
 And in example live ;
 Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds,
 Still fresh instruction give.

'Twas through the Lamb's most precious blood,
 They conquer'd ev'ry foe ;
 And to his pow'r and matchless grace
 Their crowns and honors owe.

Lord, may we ever keep in view
 The patterns thou hast giv'n,
 And ne'er forsake the blessed road
 Which led them safe to heav'n.

153

C. M.

SINCE I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,

I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I would smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all.

There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest ;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

154

L. M.

SO should our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess ;
So should our works and virtues shine,
To show forth doctrine so divine.

Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our risen Lord,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

The blest new cov'nant bears us up,
While we expect that blessed hope—
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And the exceeding great reward.

155

L. M.

“WE’VE no abiding city here”—
 Sad truth! were this to be our home;
 But let this thought our spirits cheer,
 We seek a city yet to come.

“We’ve no abiding city here”—
 Then let us live as pilgrims do;
 Let not the world our rest appear,
 But let us haste from all below.

“We’ve no abiding city here”—
 We seek a city out of sight;
 Zion, its name—the Lord is there—
 It shines with everlasting light.

O sweet abode of peace and love,
 Where pilgrims, freed from toil, are blest;
 Soon will our souls outspeed the dove,
 And be within thy walls at rest.

156

S. M.

YE servants of the Lord,
 Each in his office wait;
 With joy obey his heavenly word,
 And watch before his gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,
 And trim the golden flame;
 Gird up your loins, as in his sight;
 For awful is his name.

Watch! ’tis the Lord’s command;
 And while we speak he’s near;
 Mark the first signal of his hand,
 And ready all appear.

O happy servant he,
 In such a posture found!
 He shall his Lord with rapture see,
 And be with honor crown’d.

Loveliness and Excellency of Jesus.

157

L. M.

ALL my immortal hopes are laid
 In Christ, my Surety, and my Head;
 His cross, his cradle, and his throne,
 Are big with glories yet unknown.
 Lord, may my soul for ever lie
 Beneath the blessings of thine eye;
 'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
 To see thy face and taste thy love.

158

S. M.

COME we that love the Lord,
 And let our joys be known;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 And thus surround the throne.

The sorrows of the mind
 Be banish'd from this place!
 Religion never was design'd
 To make our pleasures less.

Let those refuse to sing,
 Who never know our God;
 But children of the heav'nly King
 May speak their joys abroad.

The God that rules on high,
 And thunders when he please,
 That rides upon the stormy sky,
 And manages the seas—

This mighty God is ours—
 Our Father and our love;
 Soon he will send his heavenly powers,
 To carry us above.

There shall we see face,
 And never, never sin;
 There, from the rivers of his grace,
 Drink endless pleasures in.

Yes, and before we rise
 To that immortal state,
 The thoughts of such amazing bliss
 Shall constant joys create.

The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below ;
 Celestial fruits on earthly ground
 From hope and faith may grow.

The hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
 And ev'ry tear be dry ;
 We're marching o'er this hallow'd ground
 To fairer worlds on high.

159

L. M.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone,
 Let my devoted hours alone ;
 Fain would my eyes my Saviour see,
 I wait the advent, Lord, of thee.

Thanks, Lord, for thy providing care ;
 How sweet thy entertainments are !
 Never did angels taste above
 Redeeming grace and dying love.

Hail ! great Immanuel, all divine,
 In thee thy Father's glories shine ;
 Thou brightest, loveliest, fairest One,
 That men have seen, or angels known.

160

8-6's.

HAD I ten thousand gifts beside,
 I'd cleave to Jesus crucified,
 And build on him alone ;

For no foundation is there given,
On which to build my hopes of heaven,
But Christ, the corner stone.

Possessing Christ, I all possess,
Wisdom, and strength, and righteousness,
And holiness complete ;
Bold in his name, I dare draw nigh
Before the Ruler of the sky,
And all his justice meet.

There is no path to heavenly bliss,
To solid joy or lasting peace,
But Christ, th' appointed road ;
O may we tread the sacred way,
By faith rejoice, and praise, and pray,
Till we sit down with God !

The types and shadows of the word
Unite in Christ, the Man, the Lord,
The Saviour just and true ;
O may we still his word believe,
And all his promises receive,
And all his precepts do !

As he above for ever lives,
And life to dying sinners gives,
Eternal and divine ;
O may his spirit in me dwell !
Then, saved from sin, and death, and hell,
Eternal life is mine !

161

C. M.

HOW sweet thy name, O Jesus ! sounds
In a believer's ear ;
It soothes our sorrows, heals our wounds,
And drives away our fear.
Thou art the rock on which we build,
Our tower and hiding place ;

Our never-failing treasury, filled
With heavenly joy and peace.

Lord, whose we are, and whom we serve—
Our Prophet, Priest, and King—
Still our confiding souls preserve,
Still hear the praise we sing.

Through life we would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh our souls in death.

162

C. M.

INFINITE excellence is thine,
Adored Prince of Peace :
In thee we see full Godhead shine,
Yet lowliest manhood trace.

While listening sinners from earth's end,
Come bending at thy feet ;
To thee our prayers and songs ascend,
In thee our wishes meet.

While millions of the saved live
On thy exhaustless store ;
From thee we every good receive,
To thee we look for more.

Our faith, and hope, and love, and joy,
Find all in all in thee ;
May praise our hearts and tongues employ,
Here and eternally.

163

7's.

JESUS, all-atoning Lamb,
Thine, by purchase dear, I am ;
Body, spirit, heart, and soul,
All thine own—possess the whole.

Fairer than the sons of men,
Shall I turn from thee again—

Leave the fountain-head of bliss—
Stoop to creature happiness?

Whom have I on earth below?
Thee, and only thee, I'll know;
Whom have I in heaven but thee?
Jesus! "all in all" to me.

All my treasure is above;
All my pleasure is thy love;
All my hope to see thy face;
All my bliss to sound thy praise.

164

7's.

JESUS, crucified for me,
I have life divine in thee;
Peace and happiness are mine,
Hid in thee, for I am thine.

Christ t'obey, and Christ to know,
Constitute my bliss below;
Christ to see, and praise, and love,
Shall complete my bliss above.

May I walk with thee in joy,
Then into thy presence die;
Life divine I thus shall prove,
Ever with my Lord above.

165

C. M.

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That all the earth might hear.

Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

All that my ardent soul can wish
 In thee doth richly meet ;
 Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
 Nor friendship half so sweet.

Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
 And shed its fragrance there ;
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,
 The cordial of its care.

I'll speak the honors of thy name
 With my last lab'ring breath,
 And, dying, triumph in thy cross,
 The antidote of death.

166

C. M.

JESUS, in thy transporting name,
 What blissful glories rise !
 Jesus ! the angels' sweetest theme—
 The wonder of the skies.

Lord, didst thou leave thy throne on high,
 For scorn, and shame, and woes ?
 And didst thou bleed, and groan, and die,
 For thy rebellious foes ?

Amazing love ! nor tongue can tell
 The wonders of thy power,
 That vanquished all the force of hell
 In that tremendous hour !

Can I one glad return impart,
 For favors so divine ?
 O Lord ! accept a grateful heart,
 And make it only thine.

167

7's.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the billows near me roll—
 While the tempest still is high.

Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
 Till the storm of life is past ;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 Oh receive my soul at last !

Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
 Leave, O leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.

All my trust on thee is stayed,
 Needful help, O Jesus! bring,
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

Thou, O Christ ! art all I want,
 Boundless love in thee I find ;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

Just and holy is thy name,
 Prince of peace and righteousness ;
 Most unworthy, Lord, I am ;
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace in thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within.

Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee ;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

168

L. M.

JESUS my all to heaven is gone,
 He whom I fix my hopes upon ;
 His track I see, and I'll pursue
 The narrow way till him I view.
 The way the holy Prophets went,
 The road that leads from banishment,

The King's highway of holiness,
 I'll go, for all his paths are paths.
 This is the way I long had sought,
 And mourn'd because I found it not :
 My grief and burden long had been,
 That I had not been saved from sin.

The more I strove against its power,
 I felt its weight and guilt the more ;
 Till late I heard my Saviour say,
 " Come hither, soul—I am the way."

Then glad I came to him, blest Lamb !
 And made confession of his name ;
 Myself alone had I to give ;
 Nothing but love did I receive.

Now will I tell to sinners round
 What a rich Saviour I have found ;
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
 And say, Behold the way to God !

169

L. M.

JESUS, my love, my chief delight,
 For thee I long, for thee I pray,
 Amid the shadows of the night—
 Amid the business of the day !

When shall I see thy smiling face ?
 (That face by faith so often seen ;)
 Arise, thou Sun of Righteousness !
 Scatter the clouds that intervene.

Thou art the glorious gift of God,
 To sinners weary and distress'd ;
 The best of all his gifts bestow'd,
 And certain pledge of all the rest.

The precious jewel I will keep,
 And lodge it deep within my heart ;
 At home, abroad, awake, asleep,
 It never shall from thence depart !

170

L. M.

JESUS, the spring of joys divine,
 Whence all our hopes and comforts flow ;
 Jesus, no other name but thine
 Can save us from eternal woe.

In vain would boasting reason find
 The way to happiness and God ;
 Her weak directions leave the mind
 Bewildered, in a dubious road.

No other name will heaven approve :
 Thou art the true, the living way,
 Opened by everlasting love,
 To the bright realms of endless day.

Here let our constant feet abide,
 Nor from the heavenly path depart ;
 O let thy Spirit, gracious Guide,
 Direct our steps and cheer each heart.

Safe lead us through this world of night,
 And bring us to the blissful plains—
 The Canaan of unclouded light,
 Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

171

C. M.

JESUS, thy name melodious sounds
 In my enraptured ear ;
 Each pulse with heart-felt pleasure bounds,
 Thy word of grace to hear.

Informed of all thy love to me,
 Of all thy saints receive ;
 Lord, how I long thy face to see,
 And in thy presence live.

Shall I pronounce thy gracious name—
 Thy acts of kindness tell ;
 And, while I dwell upon the theme,
 No sweet emotion feel ?

Ah! no; thou know'st I love thee, Lord,
 Thou know'st I long to soar,
 From joys which time and sense afford,
 To know and love thee more.

172

6-8's.

JOIN all the glorious names
 Of wisdom, love, and power,
 That mortals ever knew,
 That angels ever bore:
 All are too mean to speak his worth,
 Too mean to set my Saviour forth.
 Great Prophet of my God!
 My tongue would bless thy name,
 By thee the joyful news
 Of our salvation came:
 The joyful news of sins forgiv'n,
 Of hell subdued, and peace with heav'n.
 Jesus, my great High Priest,
 Offer'd his blood and died;
 My guilty conscience seeks
 No sacrifice beside:
 His powerful blood did once atone,
 And now he pleads before the throne.
 My dear and mighty Lord,
 My Conqu'ror and my King;
 Thy sceptre and thy sword,
 Thy reigning grace I sing:
 Thine is the pow'r, behold I sit
 In willing bonds beneath thy feet.

173

L. M.

JOIN, all who love the Saviour's name,
 To sing his everlasting fame;
 Great God, prepare each heart and voice,
 In him for ever to rejoice.

Of him what wondrous things are told !
 In him what glories I behold !
 For him I gladly all things leave ;
 To him, my soul, for ever cleave.

In him my treasure's all contain'd ;
 In him my feeble soul's maintain'd ;
 From him what favors I receive ;
 Through him I shall for ever live.

With him I daily love to walk ;
 Of him my soul delights to talk ;
 On him I cast my ev'ry care ;
 Like him I shall one day appear.

Bless him, my soul, from day to day ;
 Trust him to lead thee on thy way ;
 Give him thy poor, weak, sinful heart ;
 With him, O never, never part.

Take him for strength and righteousness ;
 Make him thy refuge in distress ;
 Love him above all earthly joy,
 And him in every thing employ.

Praise him in cheerful, grateful songs ;
 To him your highest praise belongs ;
 Bless him who doth your heav'n prepare,
 And whom you'll praise for ever there.

174

8's.

MY gracious Redeemer I love !
 His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
 And join with the armies above
 To shout his adorable name.

To gaze on his glories divine,
 Shall be my eternal employ,
 And feel them incessantly shine,
 My boundless ineffable joy.

Your palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
 Your pride with disdain I survey ;
 Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
 And pass in a moment away.

The crown that my Saviour bestows,
 Yon permanent sun shall outshine ;
 My joy everlastingly flows—
 My God, my Redeemer, is mine.

175

S. M.

NOT with our mortal eyes,
 Have we beheld the Lord ;
 Yet we rejoice to hear his voice,
 And love him in his word.

By faith, and not by sight,
 We see the Saviour's face :
 While all our pow'rs and thoughts delight
 To dwell upon his grace.

Thus tasting Jesus' love,
 Our joys divinely grow ;
 A foretaste of the joys above,
 And heaven begins below.

176

7's.

SWEETER sounds than music knows,
 Charm me in Immanuel's name :
 All her hopes my spirit owes
 To his birth, his cross, and shame.

When he came, the angels sang—
 "Glory be to God on high!"
 Shame upon this stammering tongue,
 Who should louder sing than I?

O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun ;
 Surety, Kinsman, Brother, Friend ;
 Every precious name in one—
 I would love thee without end.

177

C. M.

THE Saviour! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
A name that every fear disarms,
And makes our joys abound.

From Jesus—pardon, life divine,
Peace and salvation flow
To rebels—guilty, sunk in sin,
Deserving endless woe.

O, the rich depths of love divine;
The heights of love in store;
To be the Lord's!—to call him mine!—
What can I wish for more?

High to thy throne my hopes arise;
Low at thy cross I fall;
My sin-atoning sacrifice,
My Priest, my King, my All.

178

C. M.

THOU art the Way—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

Thou art the Truth—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life—the rendering tomb
Proclaims thy conqu'ring arm;
And those who put their trust in thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

179

C. M.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb !
 We love to hear of thee ;
 No music's like thy charming name,
 Nor half so sweet can be.
 O may we ever hear thy voice
 In mercy to us speak ;
 And in our priest we will rejoice,
 Thou great Melchisedec.
 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
 While in this world we stay ;
 O may our hearts be filled with him,
 When all things else decay.
 When we appear in yonder cloud,
 With all the ransomed throng !
 Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
 And Christ shall be our song.

His Priesthood and Intercession.

180

C. M.

COME, let us join in thankful songs,
 That our ascended Priest
 Appears in heaven, with all our names
 Engraven on his breast.
 On earth he bare our guilt away,
 By his atoning blood ;
 In heaven he ever lives and loves,
 And pleads our cause with God.
 Clothed with our nature, still he knows
 The weakness of our frame ;
 And well can shield us from the foes
 Which he himself o'ercame.
 O may we ne'er forget his grace,
 Nor blush to wear his name ;
 Still may our hearts hold fast his faith ;
 Our mouths his praise proclaim.

181

L. M.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives ;
 What comfort this assurance gives !
 He lives, even he who once was dead ;
 He lives, my ever living head.

He lives, my hungry soul to feed ;
 He lives, to help in time of need ;
 He lives, to plead for me above ;
 He lives, to bless me with his love.

He lives, to guide me with his eye ;
 He lives, to grant me rich supply ;
 He lives, to comfort me when faint ;
 He lives, to hear my soul's complaint.

He lives, my kind, wise, heavenly friend ;
 He lives and loves unto the end ;
 He lives for ever ; hence I sing,
 He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King.

182

L. M.

JESUS, my *Prophet*, at thy feet
 I sit, God's counsels all to hear ;
 The words that from thy lips proceed,
 How faithful, yet how kind they are !

My great *High Priest*, who once with blood
 Atoned for sin upon the cross ;
 Still thou dost intercede with God,
 Pleading thy faithful people's cause.

My *King* supreme, I gladly bow
 In sweet subjection to thy throne ;
 All other lords I disavow,
 And yield to all thy will my own.

183

L. M.

JESUS, the Lord, his saints adore,
 Subject to griefs and death no more ;

Once the great sacrifice for sins,
Now, royal Priest, with God he reigns.

His work of love on earth complete,
He sits on heaven's majestic seat ;
And all above, and all below,
At Jesus' name the knee shall bow.

Though gloriously enthroned above,
He stoops to saints, with truth and love ;
Nor shall his kindness e'er depart
From the beloved of his heart.

To Jesus, then, we lift our voice,
And as his little flock rejoice,
To see our dear Forerunner thus
Entered within the veil for us.

184

C. M.

JESUS, our Lord, with all thy saints,
Our thankful tongues would join,
To sound aloud thy saving grace,
And sing thy love divine.

For ever be thy name adored,
Who bought us with thy blood ;
And raised us up from death and sin,
To live and walk with God.

All glory be to Christ our Lord,
Who sits in heav'n above ;
In joyful songs we bless his name,
And celebrate his love.

185

C. M.

NOW let us raise a song of praise,
To our High Priest above ;
And celebrate his guardian care,
And sympathetic love.

Though raised to heaven's exalted throne,
 Our pains and griefs he shares ;
 And deeply on his heart engraved,
 Our humble names he wears.

Those characters shall fair abide,
 And justify our trust ;
 When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
 Have mouldered down to dust.

So, gracious Saviour, on my breast,
 May thy lov'd name be worn,
 A sacred ornament and guard,
 To endless ages borne.

186

L. M.

TO Jesus, our atoning Priest,
 To Jesus, our superior King,
 Be everlasting power confessed,
 And every tongue his praises sing.

'Twas he who cleansed our foulest sins,
 And washed us in his precious blood ;
 'Tis he who makes us priests and kings,
 And brings us rebels near to God.

Behold ! on flying clouds he comes,
 While saints rejoice to see the day ;
 Come, Lord, and take thy servants home,
 From earthly night to heavenly day.

187

C. M.

WE bless the Prophet of the Lord,
 Who came with truth and grace ;
 Whose Holy Spirit, by his word,
 Guides us in all his ways.

We reverence our High Priest above,
 Who entered with his blood ;
 He lives to bless us by his love,
 To plead for us with God.

We honor our exalted King ;
 How sweet are his commands ;
 We joy his hallowed name to sing,
 And trust his mighty hands.

Hosanna ! to his glorious name,
 Who saves us by his grace ;
 His mercy, truth, and wisdom, claim
 Our everlasting praise.

Praise to God and the Lamb.

188

L. M.

ADVANCE, my gladden'd soul, and raise
 A song of love to Jesus' praise ;
 He lived, and died, and rose for me,
 Spoiled all my foes to set me free.

For me he full obedience paid ;
 On him my load of sins were laid ;
 And I, in faith, the Judge may meet,
 In righteousness of God complete.

Be his my strength, be his my age ;
 His pardoning love my songs engage,
 Till this clay tenement I yield,
 To be with all his fulness filled.

189

L. M.

AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
 And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;
 He justly claims a song from me ;
 His loving-kindness, O how free !

He saw me ruined in the fall,
 Yet loved me, notwithstanding all ;
 He saved me from my lost estate ;
 His loving-kindness, O how great !

When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
 Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,

He near my soul has always stood ;
 His loving kindness, O how good !
 When I shall pass the gloomy vale,
 And all my mortal powers shall fail ;
 O may my last expiring breath,
 His loving kindness sing in death !

190

L. M.

COME, let us raise a joyful song,
 And praise the Lord with heart and tongue ;
 Hosanna to th' eternal God !
 His glory let us sound abroad.

See, how it shines in Jesus' face !
 There we behold the Father's grace ;
 God, in the gift of Christ his Son,
 His utmost love to us makes known.

For us was Jesus made a curse ;
 He died and rose again for us :
 And now he ever lives in heaven,
 That help may to his saints be given.

Lord Jesus, thy return we stay,
 We long for our redemption day ;
 When we thy glorious face shall see,
 And put on immortality.

191

7's.

EVERLASTING praise be thine,
 From thy saints, O Lord our God ;
 From of old thou did'st design
 To redeem our souls with blood.

Grace now reigns through righteousness,
 All our sins on Christ were laid ;
 Through his sufferings we have peace ;
 He has full atonement made.

Freely we are justified ;
 We no longer fear the curse ;
 Who condemns ? Shall Christ, who died ?
 Nay he lives—he pleads for us.

Thou art worthy, O our God,
 Of all blessing, power, and praise ;
 Glad we raise our songs aloud
 To the glory of thy grace.

192

S. M.

FROM bondage lately come,
 Where death and darkness reign ;
 We seek our new, our better home,
 Where we our rest shall gain.

There sin and sorrow cease ;
 And we (all conflicts o'er,)
 Shall dwell and walk with God in peace,
 Nor thirst nor hunger more.

There love unmingled reigns ;
 God, all in all, is King :
 There we shall, in celestial strains,
 With ransomed millions sing.

How sweet the prospect is,
 It cheers the pilgrim's breast,
 While travelling through this wilderness,
 Towards that eternal rest.

193

7's.

GLORY unto Jesus be,
 From the curse he set us free ;
 All our sins on him were laid,
 He our ransom fully paid.

Now the work of love is done :
 God, well pleased in his dear Son,
 Raised him glorious from the dead,
 High to reign his church's head.

Ransomed, we his praise show forth,
 Ever glorying in his worth ;
 Sing, with angels round the throne,
 "Thou art worthy, thou alone."

He will soon appear again,
 Then his saints with him shall reign ;
 In this hope we joyful say,
 "Come, Lord Jesus, haste the day."

194

S. M.

JESUS, our Lord and King ;
 To thee our praises rise ;
 To thee our bodies we present,
 A living sacrifice.

Now justified by grace,
 And made alive to God,
 Formed for thyself, to show thy praise,
 We sound thy love abroad.

As dead indeed to sin,
 From its dominion free,
 Henceforth, as not our own, but thine,
 We follow only thee.

Baptized into thy death,
 With thee again we rise,
 To newness of a life of faith—
 To new and endless joys.

Thy precious name we own,
 And joyfully confess ;
 Thou art our life, our hope, our crown,
 Our strength and righteousness.

195

C. M.

JESUS, thou Sovereign Source of love,
 My tongue shall sing thy praise ;
 While I press on to realms above,
 I'll triumph in thy grace.

Involved in ruin and undone
 By sin and misery ;
 My Saviour to my rescue ran—
 He shed his blood for me.

His gift of pardon I've received,
 And sing aloud for joy ;
 The Father is in Christ well pleased,
 And pleased in him am I.

While angels chant his wonders high,
 I'll sing the Lamb has died ;
 Be this my anthem till I die—
 "Christ, and him crucified !"

196

L. M.

LET us, as servants of the Lord,
 The triumphs of our King record ;
 Sing, in his death our foes were slain ;
 Shout, our Redeemer rose again.

When like a lamb to slaughter led,
 Our crimes and curse on him were laid ;
 And thus, made sin, the victim bled,
 And for us full atonement made.

Ten thousand thousand thanks we give,
 To him who died that we might live—
 To him who bought us with his blood—
 Who made us kings and priests to God.

197

C. M.

LONG as I live I'll praise thy name,
 My King, my God of love ;
 My work and joy shall be the same
 In the bright world above.

Great is the Lord, his pow'r unknown,
 And let his praise be great ;
 I'll sing the honors of thy throne,
 Thy work of grace repeat.

Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue,
 And while my lips rejoice,
 The men that hear my sacred song
 Shall join their cheerful voice.

Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
 And children learn thy ways ;
 Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
 And nations sound thy praise.

Thy glorious deeds of ancient date,
 Shall through the world be known ;
 Thy arm of power, thy heav'nly state,
 With public splendor shown.

198

C. M.

MY God, my portion, and my love,
 My everlasting all,
 I've none but thee in heav'n above,
 Or on this earthly ball.

How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
 If once compar'd to thee !
 Or what's my safety or my health,
 Or all my friends to me ?

Were I possessor of the earth,
 And called the stars my own ;
 Without thy graces, and thyself,
 I were a wretch undone.

199

C. M.

MY God, the spring of all my joys
 The life of my delights,
 The glory of my brightest days,
 And comfort of my nights.

In darkest shades if he appear,
 My dawning is begun ;
 He is my soul's sweet morning star,
 And he my rising sun.

The opening heavens around me shine,
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
 And I redeem'd am his.

My soul would leave this heavy clay,
 At his commanding word,
 Run up with joy the shining way,
 To meet my coming Lord.

200

C. M.

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
 My dear Redeemer's praise ;
 The glories of my Lord and King—
 The triumphs of his grace.

He takes away the sinner's sin ;
 He sets the prisoners free ;
 His blood makes foulest sinners clean ;
 His blood avails for me.

He speaks, and list'ning to his voice,
 New life the dead receive ;
 The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
 The humble poor believe.

'Tis Jesus' name thus charms our fears,
 And bids our sorrows cease ;

'Tis music in believers' ears,
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

201

4-8's & 2-6's.

O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love,
 It lifts me up to things above—
 It bears on eagles' wings ;
 It gives my ravished soul a taste—
 And makes me for a moment feast
 With Christ, the King of kings.

The things eternal, I pursue,
 And merely ask what's needful, now
 In pressing tow'rds the prize;
 Earth's pleasures may not me delight,
 I seek a city out of sight—
 A city in the skies.

There is my house—my mansion fair;
 My treasure and my heart are there;
 'Tis my abiding home:
 For me my elder brethren stay,
 And angels beckon me away,
 And Jesus bids me come.

202

S. M.

OUR Maker and our King,
 To thee our all we owe;
 Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
 Whence all our blessings flow.

Thou ever Good and Kind!
 A thousand reasons move—
 A thousand obligations bind
 Our hearts to grateful love.

O let thy grace inspire
 Our souls with strength divine;
 Let all our souls to thee aspire,
 And all our days be thine.

And when our days are past,
 And we from time remove,
 O may we in thy bosom rest,
 The bosom of thy love.

203

8-7's.

O THOU Fount of ev'ry blessing!
 Tune my heart to sing thy praise;
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.

Teach me ever to adore thee,
 May I still thy goodness prove,
 While the hope of endless glory
 Fills my heart with joy and love.

Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by thy help I've come,
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from thy fold, O God !
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Did redeem me by his blood !

O ! to grace how great a debtor,
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
 Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind me closer still to thee !

Never let me wander from thee,
 Never leave thee whom I love ;
 By thy Word and Spirit guide me,
 Till I reach thy courts above.

204

C. M.

TO Christ the Lord, let every tongue
 Its noblest tribute bring :
 When his salvation is the song,
 Who can refuse to sing ?

He saw me plunged in deep distress ;
 He flew to my relief ;
 For me he bore the shameful cross,
 And carried all my grief.

To heaven, the place of his abode,
 He brings my weary feet ;
 Shows me the glories of my God,
 And makes my joys complete.

Since, from his bounty, I receive
 Such proofs of love divine ;
 Had I a thousand hearts to give,
 Lord, they should all be thine !

205

7's.

TUNED with love, our voices sing,
 Glory to our God and King ;
 Wondrous are his grace and power,
 We behold, admire, adore.

On the cross he bare our sin ;
 From the grave he rose again ;
 Thus triumphantly he broke,
 Sin and Satan's heavy yoke.

Joined to Christ our Lord and Head,
 We, with him, to sin are dead ;
 Raised with him, we live to God,
 Following in the steps he trod.

Now, by righteousness and peace,
 Faith, and love, and holiness,
 May we ever serve him here,
 Till he shall again appear.

206

S. M.

WE rise to sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb ;
 With grateful heart and joyful tongue,
 To praise the Saviour's name.

We sing his dying love ;
 His rising, reigning power ;
 We sing he ever pleads above,
 For us whose sins he bore.

Along the heavenly way,
 We with the ransomed sing ;
 Rejoicing, boasting, every day,
 In Christ our gracious King.

Soon will he call away,
 And take his pilgrims home ;
 Soon we shall hear our Saviour say,
 " You blessed children, come."

The Lord's Day.

207

C. M.

A GAIN our earthly cares we leave,
 And to thy courts repair ;
 Again, with joyful feet, we come
 To meet our Saviour here.

Within these walls let holy peace,
 And love, and concord dwell ;
 Here give the troubled conscience ease,
 The wounded spirit heal.

The feeling heart, the melting eye,
 The humble mind, bestow ;
 And shine upon us from on high,
 To make our graces grow.

May we in faith receive thy word,
 In faith present our pray'rs,
 And in the presence of our Lord
 Unbosom all our cares.

Show us some token of thy love,
 Our fainting hopes to raise,
 And pour thy blessing from above,
 That we may render praise.

208

C. M.

COME, let us join with one accord,
 In hymns around the throne ;
 This is the day our risen Lord
 Hath made, and called his own.

This is the day which God hath blessed ;
 The brightest of the seven ;

Type of the everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.

O let us think, and speak, and do,
According to his word,
That Christ may own and bless us too,
And give the great reward.

Hence, then, be all our trust in Him,
His will be our employ;
His word our guide, His love our theme,
His promises our joy.

209

C. M.

COME, O thou King of all thy saints,
Our humble tribute own,
While, with our praises and complaints,
We bow before thy throne.

How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!

But, ah! the song, how faint it flows!
How languid our desire!
How dim the sacred passion glows,
Till thou the heart inspire!

Blest Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heav'n on earth appear.

210

L. M.

HAIL! morning known among the blest!
Morning of hope, and joy, and love—
Of heavenly peace and holy rest—
Pledge of the endless rest above.

Bless'd be the Father of our Lord,
Who from the dead has brought his Son !
Hope to the lost was then restor'd,
And everlasting glory won.

Scarce morning twilight had begun
To chase the shades of night away,
When Christ arose—unsetting Sun—
The dawn of joy's eternal day.

Mercy look'd down with smiling eye
When our Immanuel left the dead ;
Faith mark'd his bright ascent on high,
And hope with gladness rais'd her head.

God's goodness let us bear in mind,
Who to his saints this day has giv'n,
For rest and serious joy design'd
To fit us for the bliss of heav'n.

211

C. M.

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high ;
To thee will I direct my pray'r,
To thee lift up mine eye.

Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there ;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

212

C. M.

LORD, in thy presence here we meet;

May we in thee be found!

O make the place divinely sweet!

O let thy grace abound!

To-day the order of thy house

We would in peace maintain;

We would renew our solemn vows,

And heav'nly strength regain.

Thy Spirit, gracious Lord, impart;

Our faith and hope increase;

Display thy love in ev'ry heart,

And keep us all in peace.

Let no discordant passions rise

To mar the work of love;

But hold us in those heav'nly ties

That bind the saints above.

With harmony and union bless,

That we may own to thee,

How good, how sweet, how pleasant 'tis,

When brethren all agree.

May Zion's good be kept in view,

And bless our feeble aim,

That all we undertake to do,

May glorify thy name.

213

C. M.

NOW may the God of peace and love,

Who, from the impris'ning grave,

Restored the Shepherd of the sheep,

Omnipotent to save—

Through the rich merits of that blood

Which he on Calv'ry spilt,

To make th' eternal cov'nant sure,

On which our hopes are built—

Perfect our souls in every grace
 T^h accomplish all his will,
 And all that's pleasing in his sight
 Inspire us to fulfil!

O for that great Messiah's sake,
 Accept our humble lay;
 With glory let his name be crown'd
 Through heaven's eternal day.

214

C. M.

NOT to the terrors of the Lord—
 The tempest, fire, and smoke—
 Not to the thunder of that word
 Which God on Sinai spoke:

But we are come to Zion hill,
 The city of our God,
 Where milder words declare his will,
 And spread his love abroad.

Behold th' innumerable host
 Of angels cloth'd in light!
 Behold the spirits of the just,
 Where faith is turn'd to sight!

Behold the blest assembly there,
 Whose names are writ in heav'n!
 And God, the Judge of all, declares
 Their vilest sins forgiv'n.

Saints here, and those in Jesus dead,
 But one communion make;
 All join in Christ, their living head,
 And of his grace partake.

In such society as this
 My weary soul would rest;
 The man that dwells where Jesus is,
 Must be for ever bless'd.

215

S. M.

ONCE more, before we part,
 We'll bless the Saviour's name ;
 Record his mercies, every heart ;
 Sing, every tongue, his fame.

Hoard up his sacred word,
 And feed thereon, and grow ;
 Go seek the knowledge of the Lord,
 And practice what you know.

And if we meet no more
 On Zion's earthly ground,
 O may we reach that blissful shore
 To which all saints are bound.

216

6-7's.

SAFELY through another week
 God has brought us on our way ;
 Let us all his blessings seek,
 Waiting in his courts to-day ;
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest.

Here we come thy name to praise ;
 Bless us with thy presence near ;
 Guilt, O pardon ; comforts raise ;
 Fill with love, and banish fear :
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting rest.

May the gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
 Make the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief to all complaints :
 Let us all thy goodness prove,
 Till we join thy courts above.

Glory be to God on high !
 God, whose glory fills the sky ;

Glory to the Lamb be given ;
 Glory in the highest heaven !
 Wisdom, riches, praise, and power,
 Be to God for evermore.

217

S. M.

SEE what a living stone
 The builders did refuse ;
 Yet God hath built his church thereon,
 In spite of envious Jews.

The Scribe and angry priest
 Reject God's only Son,
 Yet on this rock shall Zion rest,
 As the chief corner-stone.

The work, O Lord, is thine,
 And wondrous in our eyes ;
 This day declares it all divine—
 This day did Jesus rise.

This is the glorious day
 That our Redeemer made ;
 Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray,
 Let all the church be glad.

Hosanna to the King !
 Of David's royal blood ;
 Bless him, you saints, he comes to bring
 Salvation from your God.

We bless thy holy word,
 Which all this grace displays,
 And offer on thine altar, Lord,
 Our sacrifice of praise.

218

C. M.

THE Saviour, risen to-day, we praise
 In concert with the blest ;
 For now we see his work complete,
 And enter into rest.

On this first day, a brighter scene
 Of glory was displayed,
 By the Creating Word, than when
 The universe was made.

Behold him rise! who sinners bought,
 With grief and pain extreme:
 'Twas great to speak the world from naught,
 'Twas greater to redeem.

How vain the stone, the watch, the seal!
 None can forbid his rise;
 'Tis he who shuts the gates of hell,
 Who opens paradise.

219

C. M.

THIS is the day the first ripe sheaf
 Before the Lord was wav'd,
 And Christ, first fruits of them that slept,
 Was from the dead receiv'd.

He rose for them for whom he died,
 That, like to him, they may
 Rise when he comes, in glory great,
 That ne'er shall pass away.

This is the day the Spirit came
 With us on earth to stay—
 A comforter, to fill our hearts
 With joys that ne'er decay.

His comforts are the earnest sure
 Of that same heav'nly rest
 Which Jesus enter'd on, when he
 Was made for ever blest.

This day the church of Christ began
 To follow in his ways;
 To teach, break bread, hold fellowship,
 And join in prayer and praise.

This day reminds us of the rest
 Prepared for saints above ;
 Where we shall bow among the blessed,
 And hymn the Saviour's love.

220

C. M.

WITH joy we hail the sacred day,
 Which God has called his own ;
 With joy the summons we obey,
 To worship at his throne.

Thy tabernacles, Lord, how fair !
 Where willing votaries throng ;
 To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
 And pour the thankful song.

Saviour of men ! O, deign to dwell,
 Within thy church below ;
 Make her in holiness excel,
 With pure devotion glow.

Let peace within her walls be found—
 Let all her sons unite
 To spread with grateful zeal around,
 Thine own life-giving light.

That each may hail the day more great
 When Christ again shall come,
 That final summons glad await
 Which calls his wanderers home.

221

L. M.

WITH one consent let all the earth
 To God their cheerful voices raise ;
 Glad homage pay, with awful mirth,
 And sing before him songs of praise.

Convinc'd that he is God alone,
 From whom both we and all proceed ;
 We, whom he chooses for his own,
 The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

O enter, then, his temple gate !
 Thence to his courts devoutly press ;
 And still your grateful hymns repeat,
 And still his name with praises bless.

For he's the Lord, supremely good,
 His mercy is for ever sure ;
 His truth, which always firmly stood,
 To endless ages shall endure.

222

C. M.

WITHIN thy house, O Lord our God,
 In glory now appear ;
 Make this a place of thine abode,
 And shed thy blessings here.

When we thy mercy-seat surround,
 Thy Spirit, Lord, impart ;
 And let thy gospel's joyful sound
 With power reach ev'ry heart.

Here let the blind their sight obtain—
 Here give the mourners rest—
 Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
 Enthron'd in ev'ry breast.

Here let the voice of sacred joy
 And humble pray'r arise,
 Till higher strains our tongues employ
 In realms beyond the skies.

223

C. M.

WRAPT in the silence of the tomb
 Our great Redeemer lay,
 Till the revolving skies had brought
 The third, th' appointed day.

Hell and the grave combined their force
 To hold our Lord, in vain ;
 Sudden the Conqueror arose,
 And burst their feeble chain.

To thy great name, victorious Lord,
 We sacred honors pay,
 And loud hosannas shall proclaim
 The triumphs of the day.

Salvation and immortal praise,
 To our victorious King !
 Let heaven and earth, and rocks and seas,
 With glad hosannas ring.

The Lord's Supper.

224

L. M.

AT thy command, our dearest Lord,
 Here we attend thy dying feast ;
 Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board,
 And thine own flesh feeds every guest.

By faith we view thy bleeding love,
 And trust for life in one that died :
 We hope for heavenly crowns above,
 From a Redeemer crucified.

225

C. M.

DOES human kindness meet return,
 And claim a grateful tie ?
 So kindled hearts tow'rd Jesus burn,
 The Benefactor nigh.

Oh ! when his sorrowing soul surveyed,
 Sad, dark Gethsemane,
 What love his anxious words displayed—
 " Meet, and remember me ! "

Remember thee ! thy cross ! thy shame !
 Our hearts to buy and share !
 Oh, mem'ry ! leave no other name
 Than Jesus' graven there !

226

C. M.

HERE, at thy table, Lord, we meet,
 To feed on food divine :
 Thy body is the bread we eat,
 Thy precious blood the wine.

Here peace and pardon sweetly flow :
 O, what delightful food !
 We eat the bread, and drink the wine,
 But think on nobler good.

Deep was the suff'ring he endur'd
 Upon th' accursed tree ;
 " For me," each welcome guest may say,
 " 'Twas all endur'd for me."

Sure there was never love so free—
 Blest Saviour, so divine :
 Well thou may'st claim that heart of me,
 Which owes so much to thine.

227

L. M.

HOW pleasing to behold and see
 The friends of Jesus all agree,
 To sit around his sacred board,
 As members of one common Lord.

Here we behold the dawn of bliss—
 Here we behold the Saviour's grace—
 Here we behold his precious blood,
 Which sweetly pleads for us with God.

While here we sit we would implore
 That love may spread from shore to shore,
 Till all his saints in love combine
 To praise the Lord in songs divine.

To all we freely give our hand,
 Who love the Lord in ev'ry land ;
 For all are one in Christ our head,
 To whom be endless honors paid.

Here, by the bread and wine, we view
 What boundless curses were our due ;
 But through the off'ring of our Lord,
 More than was lost is now restor'd.

228

S. M.

JESUS invites his saints
 To meet around his board ;
 Here pardon'd rebels sit, and hold
 Communion with their Lord.

This holy bread and wine
 Maintain our fainting breath,
 By union with our living Lord,
 And int'rest in his death.

Let all our pow'rs be join'd
 His glorious name to raise ;
 Let holy love fill ev'ry mind,
 And ev'ry voice be praise.

229

L. M.

JESUS is gone above the skies,
 Where our weak senses reach him not ;
 And carnal objects court our eyes,
 To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,
 Apt to forget his lovely face,
 And to refresh our minds, he gave
 These kind memorials of his grace.

The Lord of life his table spread
 With his own flesh and dying blood :
 We on the rich provision feed,
 We taste the wine and bless our God.

Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
 And earth grow less in our esteem ;
 Christ and his love fill ev'ry thought,
 And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

While he is absent from our sight,
 'Tis to prepare for us a place;
 That we may dwell in heav'nly light,
 And live for ever near his face.

Our eyes look upward to the hills,
 Whence our returning Lord shall come;
 We wait his chariot's awful wheels
 To fetch our longing spirits home.

230

L. M.

MY dearest Shepherd lets me know,
 Where living pastures sweetly grow;
 And now I feed among his sheep,
 Among them rest, among them sleep.

His dearest flesh becomes my food;
 He bids me drink his richest blood:
 Here, to these hills, my soul has come,
 Till my Beloved lead me home.

The footsteps of his flock I see;
 The sweetest pastures—here they be!
 A wondrous feast his love prepares,
 Bought with his wounds, and groans, and tears.

231

S. M.

NOW let each happy guest
 The sacred concert raise,
 To close the honors of the feast,
 And sing the Master's praise.

His condescending love
 First calls our wonder forth,
 He left the blessed realms above,
 To dwell with men on earth.

His precepts, how divine!
 How suited to our state!
 How bright his acts of mercy shine,
 His promises how great!

Redemption's glorious plan,
 How wondrous in our view !
 The salutary source to man
 Of peace and pardon too.

232

L. M.

OUR spirits join to praise the Lamb ;
 O, that our feeble lips could move
 In strains immortal as his name,
 And melting as his dying love !
 Was ever equal pity found ?
 The Prince of heav'n resigns his breath,
 And pours his life out on the ground,
 To ransom guilty worms from death.
 In vain our mortal voices strive
 To speak compassion so divine ;
 Had we a thousand lives to give,
 A thousand lives should all be thine.

233

C. M.

THE King of heaven his table spreads,
 And dainties crown the board ;
 Not Paradise with all its joys,
 Could such delights afford.
 Millions who sleep in Jesus now,
 Were freely feasted here ;
 And millions more now on the way,
 Around his board appear.
 Yet are his house and heart so large,
 That millions more may come ;
 Nor could the family of man
 O'erfill the spacious room.
 Pardon and peace to sinful men,
 And endless life are given,
 Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,
 To raise our souls to heaven.

234

C. M.

THE rich memorials of thy grief,
 Thy suff'rings and thy death,
 We come, blest Saviour, to receive,
 But would receive with *faith*.

These tokens sent us to relieve
 Our spirits when they droop,
 We come, blest Saviour, to receive
 But would receive with *hope*.

These pledges thou wast pleased to leave,
 Our trusting hearts to move,
 We come, blest Saviour, to receive,
 But would receive with *love*.

Here, in obedience to thy word,
 We take the bread and wine—
 The utmost we can do, blest Lord,
 For all beyond is thine.

Increase our faith, and hope, and love ;
 Lord, give us all that's good ;
 We would thy full salvation prove,
 And share thy flesh and blood.

234

L. M.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

See ! from his head, his hands, his feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet ?
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

Since I, who was undone and lost,
 Have pardon through His name and word ;
 Father, forbid that I should boast,
 Save in the cross of Christ my Lord.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

The Fellowship, or Contribution.

236

L. M.

COME, let us with a joyful heart
In this blest labor share a part ;
Not prayers alone but offerings bring,
To aid the triumphs of our King.
Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
In hope to see the latter days ;
Oh, may we not forget to prove
By generous deeds how much we love.
Where'er his hand has spread the skies,
His bounty every need supplies ;
Shall we not imitate his grace,
And fill with gifts this favoring place ?
A generous heart the Lord approves,
A liberal hand our Saviour loves ;
Come, then, you saints, approve his will,
And let your gifts his treas'ry fill.

237

C. M.

JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace !
Thy bounties how complete !
How shall I count the matchless sum ?
How pay the mighty debt ?
High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine ;
What can my poverty bestow,
When all the world is thine ?
But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace ;
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.

In them, thou may'st be cloth'd and fed,
 And visited and cheer'd,
 And in their accents of distress
 My Saviour's voice be heard.

Thy face with rev'rence and with love,
 We, in thy poor, would see ;
 O let us rather beg our bread,
 Than keep it back from thee.

238

C. M.

LORD, when our off'rings we present,
 Humbly before thy throne,
 We but return what thou hast lent,
 And give thee of thine own.

Ourselves, our all, to thee we owe,
 To thee, for ever kind ;
 And while we of thy gifts bestow,
 Give thou the willing mind.

O Lord, our contributions bless
 For their appointed end,
 And crown with happiest success,
 The cause thy saints befriend.

239

C. M.

O MAY our sympathizing breasts
 That gen'rous pleasure know,
 Kindly to share in others' joy,
 And weep for other's woe !

When weak and helpless sons of grief
 In low distress are laid,
 Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
 And swift our hands to aid.

So Jesus look'd on dying men,
 And pitied their distress ;
 He brought salvation by his death,
 And will for ever bless.

240

8-7-4.

WITH our substance we will honor
 Our Redeemer and our Lord ;
 Were ten thousand worlds our manor,
 All were nothing to his word :
 Hallelujah !

Now we offer to the Lord.

While the heralds of salvation
 His abounding grace proclaim,
 Let his saints of ev'ry station
 Gladly join to spread his fame ;
 Hallelujah !

Gifts we offer to his name.

May his kingdom be promoted ;
 May the world the Saviour know ;
 Be to him these gifts devoted,
 For to him our all we owe :
 Hallelujah !

Run, ye heralds to and fro.

Praise the Saviour, all ye nations ;
 Praise him, all ye hosts above ;
 Shout with joyful acclamations
 His divine, victorious love :
 Hallelujah !

By this gift our love we'll prove.

Christian Union and Communion.

241

L. M.

FORGOTTEN be each worldly theme,
 When Christians meet together thus ;
 We only wish to speak of him
 Who liv'd, and died, and reigns for us.
 We'll talk of all he did and said,
 And suffer'd for us here below ;
 The path he mark'd for us to tread,
 And what he's doing for us now.

May he, by whose kind care we meet,
 Send his good Spirit from above ;
 Make our communications sweet,
 And cause our hearts to burn with love.

Thus, as the moments pass away,
 We'll love, and wonder, and adore,
 And hasten to that glorious day
 When we shall meet to part no more.

242

8's.

FROM whence does this union arise,
 That hatred is conquer'd by love ?
 It fastens our souls with such ties,
 That distance nor time can remove.

It cannot in Eden be found,
 Nor yet in a Paradise lost ;
 It grows on Immanuel's ground,
 And Jesus' life's blood it has cost.

My friends so endear'd unto me—
 Our souls so united in love—
 Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
 In yonder blest mansions above.

With Jesus we ever shall reign,
 And all his bright glory shall see ;
 Then sing hallelujahs—Amen !
 Amen ! Even so let it be !

243

7's.

GRACIOUS Lord, we look to thee,
 May we in thy name agree ;
 Thee to follow, Prince of Peace,
 Let all strife and envy cease.

Make us one in heart and mind ;
 Courteous, pitiful, and kind ;
 Holy, meek, in thought and word ;
 Altogether like our Lord.

As thy household may we here
 One another's burdens bear;
 Then our ransomed souls remove,
 To thy family above.

244

C. M.

HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
 When those that love the Lord,
 In one another's peace delight,
 And so fulfil the word.

When each can feel his brother's sigh,
 And with him bear a part;
 When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
 And joy from heart to heart.

When free from envy, scorn, and pride,
 Our wishes all above,
 Each can his brother's failings hide,
 And show a brother's love.

When love in one delightful stream
 Through ev'ry bosom flows,
 When union sweet and dear esteem
 In every action glows.

245

S. M.

LET Christians all agree,
 And peace among them spread:
 Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
 Are one in Christ their head.

Among the saints on earth
 Let fervent love be found;
 Heirs of the same inheritance,
 With common blessings crown'd.

Thus will the church below
 Resemble that above,
 Where streams of endless pleasure flow,
 And ev'ry heart is love.

246

8-7-4.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
 Let us each thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace :
 O refresh us !
 Travelling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For the gospel's joyful sound ;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound :
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found.

247

C. M.

OUR souls by love together knit,
 Cemented, joined in one—
 One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice—
 'Tis heaven on earth begun.

And, walking in the light of God,
 Communing with our Lord,
 Conversing oft on pardoning love,
 'Tis heaven in thought and word.

Lord, when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
 And sett'st thy starry crown,
 And all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
 Proclaimed by thee thine own :

May we, thy little band of love,
 Of sinners saved by grace,
 From glory into glory changed,
 Behold thy lovely face.

248

7's.

SWEET the time, exceeding sweet !
 When the saints together meet ;

When the Saviour is the theme—
When all join to sing of him.

Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move :
He beheld the world undone,
Loved mankind, and gave his Son.

Sing the Son's unfading love ;
Jesus left the realms above ;
Took our nature, took our place ;
Lived and died to save our race.

Sweet the place, divinely sweet !
When the saints in glory meet ;
Where the Lord is all the theme ;
Where all saints delight in him.

249

L. M.

SWEET union of the gospel call :
One God and Father over all—
One faith, one baptism, and one Lord—
One body, spirit, hope, reward.

Thy prayer be answered, Prince of peace,
May strifes among thy people cease ;
And may we in communion be,
One with each other and with thee.

250

S. M.

WE bless the Lord who binds
Our hearts in Christian love ;
The fellowship of Christian minds
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free ;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

Christian Hope, Honors, and Security.

251

C. M.

AMAZING grace ! (how sweet the sound !)
That sav'd a wretch like me !
I once was lost, but now am found ;
Was blind, but now I see.

Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come ;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promis'd good to me,
His word my hope secures ;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil
A life of joy and peace.

252

C. M.

BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord ;

Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd.

When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

What though the first man's sin requires
Our flesh to see the dust;
Yet, as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his foll'wers must.

There's an inheritance divine,
Reserv'd against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot fade away!

Saints by the pow'r of God are kept,
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

253

L. M.

ETERNAL life!—how sweet the sound,
To sinners who deserve to die!
Publish the bliss the world around,
Echo the joys, ye worlds on high.

Eternal life!—how will it bloom
In beauty on that blissful day,
When rescued from th' impris'ning tomb,
Glory invests our rising clay!

Eternal life!—O how refin'd
The joy! the triumphs how divine!
When saints, in body and in mind,
Shall in the Saviour's image shine.

Holy and heav'nly be that soul
Which has a hope so bright as this;
Well may we long to reach the goal,
And seize the prize of endless bliss.

254

C. M.

FEAR not, my soul, and faint no more,
That Satan tempts so long ;
Though saints are feeble, frail, and poor,
The King of saints is strong.

He is from storms the hiding-place—
The covert where we're hid—
The stream in this dry wilderness ;
The rock's delightful shade.

By peaceful union let us show
We live upon his love ;
And sing and bless his name below,
As angels do above.

Soon we shall meet him in the sky,
Whom here our souls adored ;
And live in worlds of blissful joy,
For ever with the Lord.

255

C. M.

FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust :
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

His honor is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep ;
All that his heav'nly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

Nor death, nor hell shall e'er remove
His fav'rites from his breast ;
In the dear bosom of his love
They must for ever rest.

256

S. M.

GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great ;

He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress :
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces.

When kings against her join'd,
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind,
They fled with hasty fear.

Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.

In ev'ry new distress
We'll to his house repair ;
We'll call to mind his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

257

L. M.

HIGH on his Father's royal seat,
The Saviour sits divinely great ;
Through all successive ages, he
The same has been, the same shall be.

The same his power, his flock to guard ;
The same his bounty, to reward ,
The same his faithfulness and love,
As when on earth, so now above.

Nature may change, and sink, and die,
But Christ will raise his people high ;
And place them near his heavenly throne,
In glory changeless as his own.

258

11's.

HOW firm a foundation, you saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!

What more can he say than to you he has said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

In ev'ry condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As your days may demand, so your succour shall be.

Fear not! I am with you—O, be not dismay'd!
I, I am your God, and will still give you aid;
I'll strengthen you, help you, and cause you to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

When through the deep waters I cause you to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not you o'erflow,
For I will be with you your troubles to bless,
And sanctify to you your deepest distress.

When through fiery trials your pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be your supply:
The flame shall not hurt you; I only design
Your dross to consume, and your gold to refine.

E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

The soul that on Jesus has lean'd for repose,
I will not, I cannot, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake!

259

L. M.

HOW vast the treasure we possess!
How rich thy bounty King of grace!
This world is ours, and worlds to come;
Earth is our lodge, and heaven our home.

All things are ours, the gifts of God,
The purchase of a Saviour's blood ;
While the good Spirit shows us how
To use and to improve them too.

If peace and plenty crown our days,
They help us, Lord, to speak thy praise ;
If bread of sorrows be our food,
These sorrows work our lasting good.

We would not change our blest estate,
For all the world calls good or great ;
Father, be thou our portion still,
And may we gladly do thy will.

260

C. M.

I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Nor to defend his cause,
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

Jesus, my Lord, I know his name !
His name is all my trust ;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

Firm as his throne his promise stands ;
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

Then will he own my worthless name,
Before his Father's face ;
And in the new Jerusalem,
Appoint my soul a place.

261

S. M.

JOY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil ;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
 A sense of pard'ning love,
 A hope that triumphs over death,
 Give joys like those above.

To take a glimpse within the veil,
 To know that God is mine,
 Are springs of joy that never fail,
 Unspeakable—divine!

These are the joys which satisfy
 And sanctify the mind—
 Which make the spirit mount on high,
 And leave the world behind.

No more, believer, mourn thy lot;
 O! thou who art the Lord's,
 Resign to those who know him not
 Such joys as earth affords.

262

L. M.

NO change of time shall ever shock
 My firm affection, Lord, to thee;
 For thou hast always been my rock,
 A fortress and defence to me.

Thou my deliverer art, my God;
 My trust is in thy mighty pow'r;
 Thou art my shield from foes abroad—
 At home my safeguard and my tow'r.

To thee I will address my pray'r,
 To whom all praise we justly owe;
 So shall I, by thy watchful care,
 Be guarded from my treach'rous foe.

263

C. M.

OUR souls are in the Saviour's hand,
 And he will keep them still!
 If faithful, we shall surely stand
 With him on Zion's hill.

Him eye to eye we there shall see,
 Our face like his shall shine ;
 O, what a glorious company,
 When saints and angels join.

O what a joyful meeting there,
 In robes of white array ;
 The palm of victory each shall bear—
 And crowns that ne'er decay.

When we've been there ten thousand years,
 Bright shining as the sun,
 Eternity no less appears,
 Than when we first begun.

Hence, looking for that blessed day,
 When all shall be brought home ;
 We would not fear, nor blush to say,
 "Lord Jesus, quickly come !"

264

C. M.

REJOICE, my soul, still in the Lord,
 Who makes my cause his own ;
 The hope that's built upon his word
 Can ne'er be overthrown.

Though many foes beset my road,
 And feeble is my arm,
 My life is hid with Christ in God,
 Beyond the reach of harm.

Weak as I am, I shall not faint,
 Or, fainting, shall not die ;
 Jesus, the strength of ev'ry saint,
 Will aid me from on high.

Though now unseen by outward sense,
 Faith sees him always near,
 A guide, a glory, a defence ;
 Then what have I to fear ?

265

C. M.

THE Lord has promised good to me,
 His word my hope secures ;
 He will my shield and portion be,
 As long as life endures.

And when my heart and flesh shall fail,
 And mortal life shall cease,
 I shall possess within the veil,
 A life of joy and peace.

The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
 The sun forbear to shine ;
 But Christ, who is my hope below,
 Will there be ever mine.

266

7's.

'TIS religion that can give
 Sweetest pleasures while we live ;
 'Tis religion must supply
 Solid comfort when we die.

After death its joys will be
 Lasting as eternity !
 Be the living God my friend,
 Then my bliss shall never end.

267

S. M.

TO God, the only wise,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 With all the saints below the skies,
 We humble praises bring.

'Tis his almighty love,
 His counsel and his care,
 Preserve us safe from sin and death,
 And every hurtful snare.

He will present our souls,
 Unblemished and complete,

Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne ;
There stand, a people saved by grace,
And wear the promised crown.

268

S. M.

WE gladly all our harps
Down from the willows take ;
And loud in praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

His grace shall to the end
Still stronger, brighter shine ;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall change his love divine.

The glorious time will come,
When Jesus we shall see ;
And know him even as we are known,
To all eternity.

O ! holy, holy Lord !
Salvation all is thine ;
Righteous art thou in all thy ways,
And all thy works divine.

Missionary Songs, and Increase of the Church.

269

L. M.

ARM of the Lord, awake ! awake !
Put on thy strength, the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
" I am Jehovah—God alone !"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

No more let human blood be spilt,
 Vain sacrifice for human guilt !
 But to each conscience be applied
 The blood that flow'd from Jesus' side.

Let Zion's time of favor come ;
 O bring the tribes of Israel home !
 And let our wond'ring eyes behold
 Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

Almighty God, thy grace proclaim
 In ev'ry land, of ev'ry name ;
 Let adverse powers before thee fall
 And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

270

C. M.

BEHOLD! the mountain of the Lord
 In latter days shall rise,
 On mountain tops, above the hills,
 And draw the wondering eyes.

To this, the joyful nations round,
 All tribes and tongues shall flow ;
 Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
 And to his house we'll go.

The beam that shines from Zion's hill,
 Shall 'lighten every land ;
 The King who reigns in Salem's towers
 Shall all the world command.

Among the nations he shall judge,
 His judgments truth shall guide ;
 His sceptre shall protect the just,
 And quell the sinner's pride.

No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
 Disturb those peaceful years ;
 To plough-shares men shall beat their swords,
 To pruning-hooks their spears.

No longer hosts, encountering hosts,
 Shall crowds of slain deplore ;
 They'll hang the trumpet in the hall,
 And study war no more.

Come, then, O house of Jacob ! come
 To worship at his shrine ;
 And walking in the light of God,
 With holy beauties shine.

271

C. M.

FATHER, is not thy promise pledged
 To thine exalted Son,
 That through the nations of the earth
 Thy word of life shall run ?

Hast thou not said, the blinded Jews
 Shall their Redeemer own ;
 While Gentiles to his standard crowd,
 And bow before his throne ?

When shall the untutor'd Indian tribes,
 A dark bewildered race,
 Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
 And learn and feel his grace ?

[Are not all kingdoms, tribes, and tongues
 Under the expanse of heaven
 To the dominion of thy Son,
 Without exception, given ?]

From East to West, from North to South,
 Then be his name ador'd ;
 Europe, with all thy millions, shout
 Hosannas to the Lord !

272

7-6's.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand ;

From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle—
 Though ev'ry prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile ;
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown ;
 The heathen, in their blindness,
 Bow down to wood and stone.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 By wisdom from on high—
 Shall we, to man benighted,
 The lamp of life deny ?
 Salvation ! O salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learnt Meesiah's name.

Waft, waft, you winds, his story,
 And you, you waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole ;
 Till, o'er our ransom'd nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

273

S. M.

GO with thy servant, Lord,
 His ev'ry step attend ;
 All needful help to him afford,
 And bless him to the end.

Preserve him from all wrong—
 Stand thou at his right hand—

And keep him from the sland'rous tongue
And persecuting band.

May he proclaim aloud
The wonders of thy grace ;
And do thou, to the list'ning crowd,
His faithful labors bless.

Farewell, dear lab'rer, go,
We part with thee in love,
And if we meet no more below,
O may we meet above.

274

L. M.

GREAT God, whose universal sway,
The known and unknown worlds obey !
Now give the kingdom to thy Son ;
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
All heaven submits to his commands :
His worship and his fear shall last
Till hours, and years, and time be past.

As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down ;
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Shall greet at length the dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

The saints shall flourish in his days,
Drest in the robes of joy and praise ;
Peace, like a river from his throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

275

C. M.

HAPPY the souls to Jesus join'd,
 And sav'd by grace alone :
 Walking in all his ways, they find
 Their heav'n on earth begun.

The church triumphant in thy love,
 Their mighty joys we know :
 They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
 And we in hymns below.

Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
 And bow before thy throne ;
 We in the kingdom of thy grace—
 The kingdoms are but one.

The holy to the holiest leads ;
 From thence our spirits rise ;
 And he that in thy statutes treads
 Shall meet thee in the skies.

276

7-6's.

O THAT the Lord's salvation
 Were out of Zion come,
 To heal his ancient nation,
 To lead his outcasts home.

How long the holy city
 Shall heathen feet profane ?
 Return, O Lord, in pity,
 Rebuild her wall again.

Let fall thy rod of terror—
 Thy saving grace impart—
 Roll back the veil of error—
 Release the fetter'd heart.

Let Israel, home returning,
 Her lost Messiah see ;
 Give oil of joy for mourning,
 And bind thy church to thee.

277

8-7-4.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
 Look, my soul, be still, and gaze!

All the promises do travail

With a glorious day of grace:

Blessed Jubilee!

Let thy glorious morning dawn.

Let the Indian, let the Negro,

Let the rude Barbarian see,

That divine and glorious conquest

Once obtained on Calvary:

Let the gospel

Loud resound from pole to pole.

Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,

Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;

And from Eastern coast to Western,

May the morning chase the night;

And redemption,

Freely purchased, win the day.

Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel!

Win and conquer! never cease!

May thy lasting wide dominion

Multiply and still increase!

Sway thy sceptre,

Saviour, all the world around!

278

S. M.

RISE, gracious God, and shine

In all thy saving might;

Now prosper ev'ry good design

To spread thy glorious light.

O bring the nations near,

That they may sing thy praise;

Thy word let all the heathen hear,

And learn thy holy ways.

Send forth thy glorious pow'r,
 All nations then shall see,
 And earth present her grateful store,
 In converts born to thee.

279

S. M.

STAND up and bless the Lord,
 Ye people of his choice ;
 Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
 With heart, and soul, and voice.

O for the living flame,
 From his own altar brought,
 To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
 And raise to heaven our thought.

God is our strength and song,
 And his salvation ours ;
 Then be his love in Christ proclaim'd
 With all our ransom'd powers.

Stand up and bless the Lord,
 The Lord your God adore,
 Stand up and bless his glorious name,
 Henceforth for evermore.

280

C. M.

THAT glorious day is drawing nigh,
 When Zion's light shall come ;
 She shall arise and shine on high,
 Bright as the morning sun.

The North and South their sons resign,
 And earth's foundations bend ;
 A bride adorn'd, Jerusalem
 All glorious shall descend.

The King who wears the splendid crown,
 The azure flaming bow,
 The holy city shall bring down
 To bless his church below.

When Zion's bleeding, conqu'ring King
Shall sin and death destroy,
The morning stars shall join to sing,
And Zion shout for joy.

The holy, bright, angelic band,
Who sing on harps of gold,
In glorious order then shall stand
Fair Salem to behold.

Descending with sweet melting strains,
Jehovah they adore ;
Such shouts through earth's extended plains
Were never heard before.

Let Satan rage and boast no more,
Nor think his reign is long ;
Though saints are feeble, frail, and poor,
Their great Redeemer's strong.

He is their shield and hiding place,
A covert from the storm ;
A fountain in the wilderness,
And their eternal home.

The crystal stream comes down from heav'n,
It issues from the throne ;
The floods of strife away are driv'n,
The church becomes but one.

That peaceful union we shall know,
And live upon his love,
And sing and shout his name below,
As angels do above.

A thousand years shall roll around,
The church shall be complete ;
Call'd by the last loud trumpet's sound,
Their Saviour's face to meet.

With joy they meet him in the sky,
Whom here their souls ador'd ;
And live in worlds of bliss on high,
For ever with their Lord.

281

11's.

THE Prince of salvation is coming—prepare
 A way in the desert his blessings to share;
 He comes to release us from sins and from woes,
 And make the rude wilderness bloom like the rose.

His reign shall extend from the East to the West,
 Compose all the tumults of nature to rest;
 The day-spring of glory illumine the skies,
 And ages on ages of happiness rise.

The brute-hearted temper of man shall grow tame,
 The wolf and the lion lie down with the lamb;
 The bear with the kine shall contentedly feed,
 And children their young ones in harmony lead.

Slight tinctures of skin shall no longer engage
 The fervor of jealousy, murder, and rage;
 But white men and red shall in friendship be join'd,
 Wide spreading benevolence over mankind.

Hail! scenes of felicity, transport, and joy!
 When hatred and passion shall cease to annoy:
 Rich blessings of grace from above shall be giv'n,
 And life only serve as a passage to heav'n.

Roll forward, blest Saviour, roll forward the day,
 When all shall submit, and rejoice in thy sway:
 When men of all nations, united in praise,
 One vast hallelujah triumphant shall raise.

282

S. M.

YOU messengers of Christ
 His sov'reign voice obey;
 Arise and follow where he leads—
 And peace attend your way.

The Master whom you serve
 Will needful strength bestow;
 Depending on his promis'd aid,
 With sacred courage go.

Mountains shall sink to plains,
 And hell in vain oppose ;
 The cause is God's, and must prevail,
 In spite of all his foes.

Go, spread a Saviour's fame,
 And tell his matchless grace,
 To the most guilty and deprav'd
 Of Adam's num'rous race.

We wish you in his name
 The most divine success ;
 Assur'd that he who sends you forth
 Will your endeavors bless.

283

8-7-4.

YES, we trust the day is breaking,
 Joyful times are near at hand ;
 God, the mighty God, is speaking,
 By his word, in ev'ry land ;
 When he chooses,
 Darkness flies at his command.

While the foe becomes more daring,
 While he enters like a flood,
 God, the Saviour, is preparing
 Means to spread his truth abroad :
 Ev'ry language
 Soon shall tell the love of God.

O 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving
 To our hearts, to hear, each day,
 Joyful news, from far arriving,
 How the gospel wins its way,
 Those enlight'ning
 Who in death and darkness lay.

God of Jacob, high and glorious,
 Let thy people see thy hand ;

Let the gospel be victorious,
 Through the world, in ev'ry land:
 Then shall idols
 Perish, Lord, at thy command.

284

8-7-4.

ZION stands with hills surrounded—
 Zion kept by pow'r divine ;
 All her foes shall be confounded,
 Though the world in arms combine:
 Happy Zion,
 What a favor'd lot is thine !

Ev'ry human tie may perish ;
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove ;
 Mothers cease their own to cherish ;
 Heav'n and earth at last remove ;
 But no changes
 Can attend Jehovah's love.

In the furnace God may prove thee,
 Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
 But can never cease to love thee ;
 Thou art precious in his sight :
 God is with thee—
 God, thine everlasting light.

Morning Songs.

285

C. M.

AGAIN, from calm and sweet repose,
 I rise to hail the dawn ;
 Again my waking eyes unclose
 To view the smiling morn.

Great God of love, thy praise I'll sing,
 For thou hast safely kept
 My soul beneath thy guardian wing,
 And watch'd me while I slept.

Glory to thee, eternal Lord ;
 O teach my heart to pray,
 And thy blest Spirit's help afford,
 To guide me through the day.

Let ev'ry thought and word accord
 With thy most holy will ;
 Each deed the precepts of thy word
 With pious aim fulfil.

From danger, sin, and ev'ry ill,
 My constant guardian prove ;
 O sanctify my heart, and fill
 With thoughts of holy love.

286

C. M.

GOD of my life, my morning song
 To thee I cheerful raise :
 Thine acts of love 'tis good to sing,
 And pleasant 'tis to praise.

Preserv'd by thy almighty arm,
 I pass'd the shades of night
 Serene, and safe from ev'ry harm,
 To see the morning light.

While numbers spent the night in sighs,
 And restless pains and woes,
 In gentle sleep I clos'd my eyes,
 And woke from sweet repose.

O let the same almighty care
 Through all this day attend :
 From ev'ry danger, ev'ry snare,
 My heedless steps defend.

287

L. M.

MY God, how endless is thy love !
 Thy gifts are every evening new ;
 And morning mercies from above
 Gently distil like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
 Great Guardian of my sleeping hours ;
 Thy sovereign word restores the light,
 And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.

I yield my pow'rs to thy command—
 'To thee I consecrate my days—
 Perpetual blessings from thy hand
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

288

C. M.

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
 Salutes my waking eyes ;
 Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
 To Him who rules the skies.

Night unto night his name repeats ;
 The day renews the sound,
 Wide as the heavens on which he sits,
 To turn the seasons round.

How many wretched souls have fled
 Since the last setting sun !
 And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
 And yet my moments run.

Great God, let all my hours be thine,
 While I enjoy the light ;
 Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
 And bring a peaceful night.

289

C. M.

ON thee, each morning, O my God,
 My waking thoughts attend,
 In whom are founded all my hopes,
 In whom my wishes end.

My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
 Thy boundless love surveys,
 And, fir'd with grateful zeal, prepares
 The sacrifice of praise.

When ev'ning slumbers press my eyes,
 With thy protection blest,
 In peace and safety I commit
 My weary limbs to rest.

At morn, at noon, at night, I'll still
 The pleasing work pursue,
 And thee alone will praise, to whom
 All praise is ever due.

290

S. M.

SEE how the rising sun
 Pursues his shining way ;
 And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
 With ev'ry bright'ning ray.

Thus would my rising soul
 Its heav'nly Parent sing,
 And to its great Original
 An humble tribute bring.

O may I grateful use
 The blessings I receive ;
 And ne'er in thought, in word, or deed,
 His Holy Spirit grieve !

May all my days and pow'rs
 Be sacred, Lord, to thee ;
 And in thy presence may I spend
 A blest eternity !

291

S. M.

SERENE I laid me down,
 Beneath his guardian care ;
 I slept—and I awoke, and found
 My kind Preserver there.

Thus does thine arm support
 This weak, defenceless frame ;
 But whence these favors, Lord, to me,
 All worthless as I am ?

O how shall I repay
 The bounties of my God?
 This feeble Spirit pants beneath
 The pleasing, painful load.

My life I would anew
 Devote, O Lord, to thee;
 And in thy service I would spend
 A vast eternity.

292

C. M.

THROUGH all the dangers of the night,
 Preserv'd, O Lord, by thee,
 Again we hail the cheerful light,
 Again we bow the knee.

Preserve us, Lord, throughout the day,
 And guide us by thine arm;
 For they are safe, and only they,
 Whom thou preserv'st from harm.

Let all our words and all our ways
 Declare that we are thine,
 That so the light of truth and grace
 Before the world may shine.

Let us ne'er turn away from thee;
 Blest Saviour, hold us fast,
 Till, with immortal eyes we see
 Thy glorious face at last.

293

C. M.

WITH thee, great God, the stores of light
 And stores of darkness lie;
 Thou form'st the sable robe of night,
 And spread'st it round the sky.

And when with welcome slumbers press'd
 We close our weary eyes,
 Thy pow'r unseen secures our rest,
 And makes us joyous rise.

To thee, great God, in thankful songs
 Our morning thoughts arise ;
 Assist us, Lord, to offer up
 A grateful sacrifice.

Evening Songs.

294

S. M.

ANOTHER day is past,
 The hours for ever fled,
 And time is bearing us away
 To mingle with the dead.
 Our minds in perfect peace
 Our Father's care shall keep ;
 We yield to gentle slumber now,
 For thou canst never sleep.
 How blessed, Lord, are they
 On thee securely stay'd !
 Nor shall they be in life alarm'd,
 Nor be in death dismay'd.

295

7-8's.

BLESS'D be thy name for ever,
 Thou of life the guard and giver ;
 Thou dost guard thy children sleeping,
 Ever safe while in thy keeping.
 We have seen thy wondrous might
 Through the shadows of the night :
 Thou who slumb' rest not, nor sleepest,
 Bless'd are they thou kindly keepest.
 God of ev'ning's yellow ray,
 God of yonder dawning day,
 That rises from the distant sea,
 Like breathings of eternity.
 Thine the flaming orbs of light ;
 Thine the darkness of the night ;

Thine are all the gems of even—
God of angels, God of heaven.

Thou of life the fountain art,
Dwell for ever in my heart ;
God of life that end shall never,
Glory to thy name for ever.

296

C. M.

ETERNAL God of love and pow'r,
I will thy praise resound,
And tell how ev'ry passing hour
Is with thy goodness crown'd.

Throughout the day, thy tender care
Has all my wants supplied,
And deign'd from ev'ry baneful snare
My erring steps to guide.

Now, while mine eyes are clos'd in sleep,
Wilt thou my Guardian be,
And deign my wearied frame to keep
From ev'ry danger free ?

297

L. M.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, 'ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphant rise at the last day.

298

L. M.

GREAT God, to thee my ev'ning song
 With humble gratitude I raise ;
 O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
 And fill my heart with lively praise.

My days, unclouded as they pass,
 And ev'ry gentle, fleeting hour,
 Be monuments of wondrous grace,
 And witness to thy love and power.

In this blest hope mine eyelids close,
 With sleep refresh my feeble frame ;
 Safe in thy care may I repose,
 And wake to praise thy holy name.

299

C. M.

LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray ;
 I am for ever thine ;
 I fear before thee all the day,
 Nor would I dare to sin.

And while I rest my weary head,
 From cares and business free,
 'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
 With my own heart and thee.

I pay this ev'ning sacrifice ;
 And, when my work is done,
 Great God, my faith, my hope relies
 Upon thy grace alone.

Thus with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
 I'll give mine eyes to sleep ;
 Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
 And will my slumbers keep.

300

S. M.

THE day is past and gone,
 The ev'ning shades appear ;

O may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near.

We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest ;
So death will disrobe us all
Of what we now possess.

Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from ev'ry fear,
Beneath the pinions of thy love,
Till morning light appear.

And when we early rise,
To view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

301

L. M.

THUS far the Lord has led me on—
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days—
And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known
Some fresh memorials of his grace.

I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head,
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to break my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

*Songs for the Seasons.***302**

C. M.

ALMIGHTY Father ! gracious Lord !
 Kind guardian of my days ;
 Thy mercies let my heart record,
 In songs of grateful praise.

In life's first dawn my tender frame
 Was thine indulgent care ;
 Long 'ere I could pronounce thy name,
 Or breathe the youthful prayer.

Each rolling year new favors brought
 From thine exhaustless store ;
 But O, in vain my laboring thought,
 Would count thy mercies o'er.

While sweet reflection through my days
 Thy bounteous hand would trace ;
 Still dearer blessings claim my praise,
 The blessings of thy grace.

303

C. M.

AWAKE, you saints, and raise your eyes,
 And raise your voices high ;
 Awake, and praise that sov'reign love
 That shows salvation nigh.

On all the wings of time it flies ;
 Each moment brings it near ;
 Then welcome each declining day,
 Welcome each closing year

Not many years their round shall run,
 Not many mornings rise,
 'Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
 To our admiring eyes.

You wheels of nature, speed your course ;
 You mortal pow'rs, decay ;
 Fast as you bring the night of death,
 You bring eternal day.

304

C. M.

FATHER of mercies! God of love!
 My Father and my God!
 I'll sing the honors of thy name,
 And spread thy praise abroad.

My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
 Thy various love surveys;
 Where shall my grateful lips begin,
 Or where conclude thy praise?

In every period of my life
 Thy kindest thoughts appear;
 Thy mercies gild each transient scene,
 And crown each circling year.

In all these mercies may my soul
 A Father's bounty see,
 Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows
 Estrange my heart from thee.

Teach me, in times of deep distress,
 To own thy hand, my God!
 And in submissive silence learn
 The lessons of thy rod.

305

C. M.

FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
 How rich thy bounties are!
 The rolling seasons, as they move,
 Proclaim thy constant care.

When in the bosom of the earth
 The sower hid the grain,
 Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
 And sent the early rain.

The Spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine:
 The plants in beauty grew;
 Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
 And gav'st refreshing dew.

These various mercies from above,
 Matur'd the swelling grain ;
 A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
 And plenty fills the plain.

We own and bless thy gracious sway ;
 Thy hand all nature hails ;
 Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
 Summer nor Winter, fails.

306

C. M.

LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
 Of ev'ry clime and coast,
 O hear us for our native land—
 The land we love the most.

O guard our shores from ev'ry foe,
 With peace our borders bless ;
 With prosp'rous times our cities crown,
 Our fields with plenteousness.

Unite us in the sacred love
 Of knowledge, truth, and thee ;
 And let our hills and valleys shout
 The songs of liberty.

Lord of the nations, thus to thee
 Our country we commend ;
 Be thou her refuge and her trust,
 Her everlasting friend.

307

L. M.

GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
 By which supported still we stand :
 The op'ning year thy mercy shows ;
 Let mercy crown it till its close.

By day, by night, at home, abroad,
 Still we are guarded by our God ;
 By his incessant bounty fed,
 By his unerring counsel led.

With grateful hearts the past we own ;
 The future—all to us unknown—
 We to thy guardian care commit,
 And peaceful leave before thy feet.

In scenes exalted or depress'd,
 Be thou our joy, and thou our rest ;
 Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
 Ador'd through all our changing days.

308

C. M.

REMARK, my soul, the narrow bound
 Of the revolving year ;
 How swift the weeks complete their round !
 How short the months appear !

So fast eternity comes on,
 And that important day,
 When all that mortal life has done
 God's judgment shall survey.

Yet, like an idle tale, we pass
 The swift revolving year,
 And study artful ways t' increase
 The speed of its career.

Arrest, O Lord, my wand'ring heart,
 Its great concerns to see,
 That I may act the Christian part,
 And give the year to thee.

So shall their course more grateful roll,
 If future years arise ;
 Or this shall bear my waiting soul
 To joys beyond the skies.

309

C. M.

TO praise the ever bounteous Lord,
 My soul, wake all thy powers ;
 He calls, and at his voice come forth
 The smiling harvest hours.

His covenant with the earth he keeps ;
 My tongue, his goodness sing ;
 Summer and Winter know their time,
 His harvest crowns the Spring.

Well pleas'd, the toiling swains behold
 The waving yellow crop ;
 With joy they bear the sheaves away,
 And sow again in hope.

Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
 The seeds of righteousness ;
 Smile on my soul, and with thy beams
 The rip'ning harvest bless.

Then in the last great harvest, I
 Shall reap a glorious crop,
 The harvest shall by far exceed
 What I have sown in hope.

310

7's.

SWELL the anthem, raise the song,
 Praises to our God belong ;
 Saints and angels join to sing
 Praises to the heav'nly King.

Blessings from his lib'ral hand
 Flow around this happy land ;
 Kept by him, no foes annoy ;
 Peace and freedom we enjoy.

Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
 May we cheerfully obey—
 Never feel oppression's rod—
 Ever own and worship God.

Hark ! the voice of nature sings
 Praises to the King of kings ;
 Let us join the choral song,
 And the grateful notes prolong.

*Death and Eternity.***311**

C. M.

BENEATH our feet and o'er our head,
Is equal warning giv'n ;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
And far above is heav'n.

Death rides on ev'ry passing breeze,
And lurks in ev'ry flow'r ;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

Turn, sinner, turn ; thy danger know :
Wher'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.

Turn, Christian, turn ; thy soul apply
To truths which hourly tell,
That they who underneath thee lie,
Shall live in heav'n or hell.

312

C. M.

DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there ;
We may walk through its darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

I could renounce my all below,
If my Redeemer bid ;
And run, if I were called to go,
And die, as Moses did.

Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promis'd land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And welcome the command.

Clasp'd in my heav'nly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

313

C. M.

FEW are thy days and full of woe,
O man of woman born !
Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return."

Behold the emblem of thy state
In flow'rs that bloom and die,
Or in the shadow's fleeting form,
That mocks the gazer's eye.

The mighty flood that rolls along
Its torrents to the main,
Can ne'er recall its waters lost
From that abyss again.

So days, and years, and ages past,
Descending down to night,
Can henceforth never more return
Back to the gates of light.

O may the grave become to me
The bed of peaceful rest,
Whence I shall gladly rise at length,
And mingle with the blest !

Cheer'd by this hope, with patient mind
I'll wait heav'n's high decree,
Till the appointed period come,
When death shall set me free.

314

6-8's

FRIEND after friend departs ;
Who hath not lost a friend ?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end :
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,
 Beyond the reign of death,
 There surely is some blessed clime
 Where life is not a breath,
 Nor life's affections transient fire,
 Whose sparks flie upward and expire.

There is a world above,
 Where parting is unknown ;
 A vast eternity of love,
 Home of the good alone ;
 And faith beholds the dying here
 Translated to that glorious sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
 Till all are pass'd away ;
 As morning high and higher shines,
 To pure and perfect day :
 Nor sink those stars in empty night,
 But hide themselves in heav'n's own light.

315

C. M.

HEAV'N has confirm'd the dread decree
 That Adam's race must die ;
 One gen'ral ruin sweeps them down,
 And low in dust they lie.

Ye living men, the tomb survey
 Where you must shortly dwell ;
 Hark ! how the awful summons sound,
 In ev'ry fun'ral knell !

Once you must die, and once for all ;
 The solemn purport weigh ;
 For know that heav'n or hell depends
 On that important day.

Those eyes, so long in darkness veil'd,
 Must wake, the Judge to see ;
 And ev'ry word and ev'ry thought
 Must pass his scrutiny.

O may I in the Judge behold
 My Saviour and my Friend,
 And, far beyond the reach of death,
 With all his saints ascend.

316

C. M.

HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
 For all the pious dead,
 Sweet is the savour of their names,
 And soft their sleeping bed.

They die in Jesus, and are blessed :
 How kind their slumbers are !
 From sufferings and from sins released,
 And freed from every snare.

Far from this world of toil and strife,
 They're present with the Lord :
 The labors of their mortal life
 End in a large reward.

317

C. M.

HOW still and peaceful is the grave
 Where, life's vain tumults past,
 Th' appointed place, by Heav'n's decree,
 Receives us all at last.

There servants, masters, small and great,
 Partake the same repose ;
 And there in peace the ashes mix
 Of those who once were foes.

All, levell'd by the hand of death,
 Lie sleeping in the tomb,
 Till God in judgment calls them forth
 To meet their final doom.

O may I stand before the Lamb,
 When earth and seas are fled,
 And hear the Judge pronounce my name,
 With blessings on my head.

318

S. M.

THIS body soon must die,
 This mortal frame decay,
 And all these active limbs of mine,
 Lie mouldering in the clay.
 But my Redeemer lives,
 And will from yonder skies,
 Look down and safely guard my dust,
 Till he shall bid it rise.
 Arrayed in glorious grace
 Shall these vile bodies shine ;
 And every heart, and every face,
 Be heavenly and divine.
 These lively hopes we owe,
 To Jesus' dying love ;
 Lord, we would honor thee below,
 And sing thy grace above.

319

7-6's.

TIME is winging us away
 To our eternal home ;
 Life is but a Winter's day—
 A journey to the tomb !
 Youth and vigor soon will flee—
 Blooming beauty lose its charms—
 All that's mortal soon shall be
 Enclos'd in death's cold arms.
 Time is winging us away
 To our eternal home ;
 Life is but a Winter's day—
 A journey to the tomb !
 But the children shall enjoy
 Health and beauty soon above,
 Far beyond the world's alloy,
 Secure in Jesus' love.

320

P. M.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame,
 Quit, O quit this mortal frame;
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
 O the pain, the bliss of dying!
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.

Hark!—they whisper; angels say,
 "Sister spirit, come away;"
 What is this absorbs me quite?—
 Steal my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?—
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears;
 Heav'n opens on my eyes; my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring:
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
 "O Grave, where is thy victory?
 O Death, where is thy sting?"

321

C. M.

WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away,
 By death's resistless hand,
 Our hearts, the mournful tribute pay,
 Which pity must demand.

While pity prompts the rising sigh,
 O may this truth, impress'd
 With awful pow'r, "I too must die,"
 Sink deep in ev'ry breast.

Let this vain world engage no more:
 Behold the op'ning tomb!
 It bids us seize the present hour,
 To-morrow death may come.

O let us fly—to Jesus fly,
 Whose pow'rful arm can save;

Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

Great God, thy sov'reign grace impart
With cleansing, healing pow'r ;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's approaching hour.

322

C. M.

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms ?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move ?
Nor would we wish the time more slow,
To keep us from our Love.

Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb ?
'Twas there the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

The graves of all the saints he blest,
And soften'd ev'ry bed ;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying head ?

Thence he arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way ;
Up to the Lord our souls shall fly,
At the great rising day.

Songs for Christian Children.

323

C. M.

AND now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise ;
My comforts ev'ry hour make known
His providence and grace.

I lay my body down to sleep,
Let angels guard my head,
And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.

With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove ;
And in the morning let me rise,
Rejoicing in thy love.

324

C. M.

BLESS'D is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet,
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat.

But in the statutes of the Lord
Has plac'd his chief delight ;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

Green as the leaf, and ever fair,
Shall his profession shine ;
While fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.

Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Among the sons of grace,
When Christ, the Judge, at his right hand
Appoints his saints a place.

His eyes behold the path they tread,
His heart approves it well ;
But crooked ways of sinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

325

C. M.

BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows !
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose.

Lo ! such the child whose early feet
 The paths of peace have trod,
 Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
 Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
 The lily must decay ;
 The rose that blooms beneath the hill,
 Must shortly fade away.

O thou who givest life and breath,
 We seek thy grace alone,
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
 To keep us still thine own.

326

C. M.

CHILDREN of old hosannas sang
 To praise the Saviour's name ;
 We too would join our infant song,
 To celebrate his fame.

Chief priests and scribes were sore displeas'd
 That children thus should sing ;
 But Jesus own'd their early praise,
 And we our praises bring.

We bless the Lord for all his gifts,
 For life, and food, and friends ;
 We bless him for the word of life,
 The choicest gift he sends.

God's sacred word we learn to know,
 Where heav'nly wisdom lies ;
 Here, too, are kind instructions giv'n,
 That teach us to be wise.

327

C. M.

COME, let us join the hosts above,
 Now in our youngest days,
 Remember our Creator's love,
 And lisp our Father's praise.

His Majesty will not despise
 The day of feeble things;
 Grateful the songs of children rise,
 And please the King of kings.

He loves to be remember'd thus,
 And honor'd for his grace;
 Out of the mouths of babes like us,
 His wisdom perfects praise.

Glory to God, and praise, and pow'r,
 Honor and thanks be giv'n!
 Children and cherubim adore
 The Lord of earth and heav'n.

328

S. M.

HAIL! gracious, heav'nly Prince,
 To thee let children fly,
 And on thy kindest providence,
 O may we all rely.

Jesus will take the young
 Beneath his special care;
 And he will keep their youthful days
 From ev'ry woe and snare.

He knows their tender frame,
 Nor will their youth contemn;
 For he a little child became,
 To love and pity them.

Nor does he now forget
 His youthful days on earth;
 Nor would we ever cease our praise
 For the Redeemer's birth.

329

C. M.

HAPPY the child, whose tender years
 Receive instruction well,
 Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
 The road that leads to hell.

'Twill save us from a thousand snares
 To mind religion young,
 Grace will preserve our foll'wing years,
 And make our virtues strong.

To thee, Almighty God, to thee
 Our childhood we resign ;
 'Twill please us to look back and see
 That our whole lives were thine

O let the work of pray'r and praise
 Employ my youngest breath ;
 Thus I'm prepar'd for longer days,
 Or fit for early death.

330

C. M.

HOW happy is the child who hears
 Instruction's warning voice,
 And who celestial Wisdom makes
 His early, only choice.

For she has treasures greater far
 Than East or West unfold,
 And her rewards more precious are
 Than all their stores of gold.

She guides the young with innocence
 In pleasure's path to tread :
 A crown of glory she bestows
 Upon the hoary head.

According as her labors rise,
 So her rewards increase ;
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her paths are peace.

331

C. M.

HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
 And guard their lives from sin ?
 Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
 To keep the conscience clean.

'Tis like the sun, a heav'nly light
That guides us all the day ;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

Thy precepts make us truly wise ;
We hate the sinner's road ;
We hate our own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, O God.

Thy word is everlasting truth ;
How pure is every page !
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

332

C. M.

I SING th' almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise ;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food ;
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.

Lord, how thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn mine eyes :
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the skies !

There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes thy glories known ;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

Creatures (as numerous as they be,)
 Are subject to thy care ;
 There's not a place where we can flee,
 But God is present there.

In heaven he shines with beams of love ;
 With wrath in hell beneath ;
 'Tis on his earth I stand or move,
 And 'tis his air I breathe.

His hand is my perpetual guard,
 He keeps me with his eye ;
 Why should I then forget the Lord,
 Who is for ever nigh ?

333

C. M.

LET children that would fear the Lord
 Hear what their teachers say,
 With rev'rence meet their parents' word,
 And with delight obey.

Have we not heard what dreadful plagues
 Are threaten'd by the Lord,
 To him who breaks his father's law,
 Or mocks his mother's word ?

But those that worship God, and give
 Their parents honor due,
 Here on this earth they long shall live,
 And live hereafter too.

334

C. M.

O IN the morn of life, when youth
 With vital ardor glows,
 And shines in all the fairest charms
 That beauty can disclose :

Deep in thy soul, before its powers
 Are yet by vice enslav'd,
 Be thy Creator's glorious name
 And character engraved.

'Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud
The sunshine of thy days,
And cares and toils, in endless round,
Encompass all thy ways.

'Ere yet thy heart the woes of age,
With vain regret deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
That now return no more.

True wisdom, early sought and gain'd,
In age will give thee rest ;
O, then, improve the morn of life,
To make its evening blest.

335

C. M.

RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below ;
May we its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know.

Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom ;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

Oh, may our hearts, by grace renewed,
Be our Redeemer's throne,
And be our stubborn wills subdued,
His government to own.

May true repentance, faith, and love,
Be joined with godly fear,
And all our conversation prove
Our hearts to be sincere.

Preserve us from the snares of sin
Through our remaining days,
And in us let each virtue shine,
To our Redeemer's praise.

H

336

C. M.

SEE! the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands,
 With all-engaging charms;
 Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
 And folds them in his arms.

Permit them to approach, he cries,
 Nor scorn their humble name;
 For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
 The Lord of angels came.

He'll lead us to the heavenly streams,
 Where living waters flow;
 And guide us to the fruitful fields,
 Where trees of knowledge grow.

The feeblest lamb amidst the flock,
 Shall be the Shepherd's care;
 While folded in the Saviour's arms,
 We're safe from every snare.

337

L. M.

THIS is a precious book indeed!
 Happy the child that loves to read!
 'Tis God's own word, which he has giv'n
 To show our souls the way to heav'n!

It tells us how the world was made;
 And how good men the Lord obey'd;
 Here his commands are written, too,
 To teach us what we ought to do.

It bids us all from sin to fly,
 Because our souls can never die:
 It points to heav'n, where angels dwell,
 And warns us to escape from hell.

But, what is more than all beside,
 The Bible tells us Jesus died!
 This is its best, its chief intent,
 To lead poor sinners to repent.

Be thankful, children, that you may
 Read this good Bible ev'ry day ;
 'Tis God's own word, which he has giv'n
 To show your souls 'he way to heav'n.

338

C. M.

TO thee let my first off'rings rise,
 Whose sun creates the day,
 Swift as his gladd'ning influence flies,
 And spotless as his ray.

This day thy fav'ring hand be nigh,
 So oft vouchsaf'd before ;
 Still may it lead, protect, supply,
 And I that hand adore.

If bliss thy providence impart,
 For which, resign'd, I pray ;
 Give me to feel the grateful heart,
 And thus thy love repay.

Affliction should thy love intend,
 As vice or folly's cure,
 Patient to gain that glorious end,
 May I the means endure.

Be this and ev'ry future day
 Still wiser than the past,
 And when I all my life survey,
 May grace sustain at last.

339

C. M.

YOUNG children once to Jesus came,
 His blessing to entreat ;
 And I may humbly do the same
 Before his mercy seat.

For, when each feeble hand was spread,
 And bent each infant knee,
 " Forbid them not," the Saviour said,
 And so he says to me.

Though now he is not here below,
 But on his heavenly hill ;
 To him may little children go,
 And seek a blessing still.

Well pleased that little flock to see,
 The Saviour kindly smiled ;
 O, then, he will not frown on me,
 Because I am a child.

For, as so many years ago,
 Poor babes his pity drew ;
 I'm sure he will not let me go,
 Without a blessing too.

Then, while this favor to implore,
 My little hands are spread ;
 Do thou thy sacred blessing pour,
 Lord Jesus, on my head.

The Day of Judgment.

340

8-7-4.

DAY of judgment, day of wonders !
 Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,
 Louder than a thousand thunders,
 Shakes the vast creation round ;
 How the summons
 Will the sinner's heart confound !

See the Judge, our nature wearing,
 Clothed in majesty divine ;
 Each who longs for his appearing
 Then shall say—" This Lord is mine !"
 Gracious Saviour,
 Own me in that day for thine.

At his call the dead awaken—
 Rise to life from earth and sea ;
 All the powers of nature, shaken

By his looks, prepare to flee :
 Careless sinner,
 What will then become of thee ?

But to all who have confessed,
 Loved, and followed him below,
 He will say—"O come, ye blessed,
 Take the kingdom I bestow ;
 You for ever
 Shall my love and glory know."

Under sorrows and reproaches,
 May this thought our spirits raise—
 Swiftly God's great day approaches,
 Sighs shall then be changed to praise :
 Saints may triumph
 When the world is in a blaze !

341

C. M.

HAIL! hail! the happy wished-for time,
 When Jesus shall appear ;
 When the last trumpet loud shall sound,
 And all his dead shall hear.

The dead and living changed, shall rise,
 And loud hosannas raise ;
 Lord, who hast loved us! we rejoice,
 T' anticipate thy praise.

"Thou! thou art worthy," still shall be
 The burden of our songs ;
 "Thou hast redeemed us, and to thee
 The glory all belongs."

We long to join with all thy saved,
 And with loud triumph sing—
 "Where is thy vict'ry now, O grave ?
 O death! where is thy sting ?"

342

7's.

HARK! the trump of God is blown ;
 Hear th' archangel's voice on high :
 Now the Lord himself comes down,
 With a shout that rends the sky.

See, his dead (for they have heard)
 Spring immortal from the tomb ;
 Looking up, they see the Lord—
 Shout, "'Tis he—our Lord is come !"

See, his living saints—who hope—
 In a moment, changed appear !
 Lo ! they all, in clouds caught up,
 Meet the Saviour in the air.

Thence for ever, with the Lord,
 Free from grief, and curse, and pain ;
 All who have obeyed his word,
 Kings and priests with him shall reign.

343

8-7-4.

JESUS comes by hosts attended,
 Heaven the glorious train supplies ;
 Blow the trump—the night is ended,
 Bid the dead-in-Christ arise.
 Let the ransomed—
 Join their Saviour in the skies.

'Tis the day so long expected ;
 Saints shall shout and triumph now ;
 'Tis King Jesus, once rejected ;
 Many crowns adorn his brow.
 'Tis his triumph ;
 Every knee to him shall bow.

Now he comes with all his glory ;
 Now the King of kings he reigns ;

Hark! His saints repeat the story
Of his love, in blissful strains ;
For his people
An eternal rest remains.

Lo! around his throne assembling,
All, enraptured, see his face ;
Here, our joy is mixed with trembling ;
There, no more has fear a place.
Happy people !
Happy made by Jesus' grace.

344

8-7's.

LO! He comes! while loud the trumpet
Sounds to raise the sleeping dead ;
'Midst ten thousand saints and angels,
See the one exalted Head !

Now his merit, by the harpers,
Thro' th' eternal deep resounds :
Now resplendent shine his nail-prints,
Every eye shall see his wounds.

Full of joyful expectation,
Saints behold the Judge appear !
Truth and justice go before him ;
Now, the joyful sentence hear :—

“Come! ye blessed of my Father,
Enter into life and joy ;
Hence relieved from fears and sorrows,
Endless praise be your employ.”

345

8-7-4.

LO! He comes, with clouds descending,
Jesus, once for sinners slain !
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train :
Hallelujah !
Jesus now shall ever reign.

Every eye shall now behold him,
 Robed in dreadful majesty :
 Those who set at naught and sold him,
 Pierced and nailed him to the tree—
 Deeply wailing—
 Shall the true Messiah see.

Every island, sea, and mountain—
 Heaven and earth shall flee away :
 All who hate him must, confounded,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day :—
 “ Come to judgment !
 Come to judgment ! come away.”

Now redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear !
 All his saints, by men rejected,
 Now shall meet him in the air.
 Hallelujah !
 See the day of God appear !

Yea ! Amen ! let all adore thee,
 High on the eternal throne !
 Saviour, take the power and glory,
 Claim the kingdoms for thine own.
 O come quickly :
 Hallelujah ! come, Lord, come !

348

L. M.

THE Lord will come, but not the same
 As once in lowly love he came ;
 Oppressed by power, and mocked by pride,
 The Nazarene, the crucified.

Then angel-armies will attend,
 And the ALMIGHTY LORD descend
 In flaming fire, with vengeance joined,
 The righteous Judge of all mankind.

Despisers in despair shall call—
 "Rocks hide us! Mountains, on us fall!"
 But saints, ascending from the tomb,
 Will joyful shout—"our Lord is come!"

Future Glory.

347

C. M.

FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
 Unbounded glories rise;
 And realms of infinite delight,
 Unknown to mortal eyes.

Celestial land! could our weak eyes
 But half its charms explore,
 How would our spirits long to rise,
 And dwell on earth no more!

There pain and sickness never come,
 And grief no place obtains;
 Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
 And endless pleasure reigns!

No cloud those blissful regions know,
 For ever bright and fair!
 For sin, the source of ev'ry woe,
 Can never enter there.

There no alternate night is known,
 Nor sun's faint sickly ray;
 But glory from the sacred throne
 Spreads everlasting day.

348

C. M.

HOW bright these glorious spirits shine!
 Whence all their bright array?
 How came they to the blissful seats
 Of everlasting day?

Lo! these are they from suff'rings great,
 Who came to realms of light,
 And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
 Those robes which shine so bright.

Now with triumphant palms they stand
 Before the throne on high,
 And serve the God they love, amidst
 The glories of the sky.

His presence fills each heart with joy,
 Tunes ev'ry mouth to sing ;
 By day, by night, the sacred courts
 With glad hosannas ring.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
 Nor sun with scorching ray ;
 God is their sun, whose cheering beams
 Diffuse eternal day.

The Lamb that sits upon the throne
 Shall o'er them still preside,
 Feed them with nourishment divine,
 And all their footsteps guide.

'Mong pastures green he'll lead his flock,
 Where living streams appear ;
 And God the Lord from ev'ry eye
 Shall wipe off ev'ry tear.

349

C. M.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
 O, how I long for thee !
 When will my sorrows have an end ?
 Thy joys when shall I see ?

Thy walls are all of precious stones,
 Most glorious to behold !
 Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
 Thy streets are pav'd with gold.

Thy gardens and thy pleasant greens
 My study long have been ;
 Such sparkling gems by human sight
 Have never yet been seen.

If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
 Why should I stay from thence?
 What folly 'tis that I should dread
 To die and go from hence!

Reach down, reach down thine arm of grace
 And cause me to ascend,
 Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And Sabbaths never end.

Jesus, my love, to glory's gone;
 Him will I go and see;
 And all my brethren here below
 Will soon come after me.

350

L. M.

LORD Jesus, 'tis to us most sweet,
 On earth to worship at thy feet;
 We seek no higher joys than these—
 To bow in love, to melt in praise.

What shall that weight of glory be?
 When, changed, we reign in heaven with thee;
 When, death in victory swallowed up,
 We realize the glorious hope.

O Saviour! quickly come, to own
 And raise thy servants to thy throne;
 We look for thy return again—
 "Ev'n so, Lord Jesus, come: Amen!"

351

C. M.

LO! what a glorious sight appears
 To our admiring eyes!
 The former seas have pass'd away,
 The former earth and skies.

From heav'n the New Jerus'lem comes,
 All worthy of its Lord;
 See all things now at last renew'd,
 And Paradise restor'd.

Attending angels shout for joy,
 And the bright armies sing ;
 Mortals, behold the sacred seat
 Of your descending King !

The God of glory down to men
 Removes his blest abode ;
 He dwells with men, his people they,
 And he his people's God.

His gracious hand shall wipe the tears
 From ev'ry weeping eye ;
 And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
 And death itself shall die.

O may we stand before the Lamb,
 When earth and seas are fled,
 And hear the Judge pronounce our name,
 With blessings on our head !

352

L. M.

ON Sion's glorious summit stood
 A num'rous host redeem'd by blood ;
 They hym'd their King in strains divine :
 I heard the song, and long'd to join.

Here all who suffer'd sword or flame
 For truth, or Jesus' lovely name,
 Shout vict'ry now, and hail the Lamb,
 And bow before the great I AM.

While everlasting ages roll,
 Eternal love shall feast their soul,
 And scenes of bliss for ever new
 Rise in succession to their view.

O sweet employ to sing and trace
 Th' amazing heights and depths of grace ;
 And spend, from sin and sorrow free,
 A blissful, vast eternity.

O what a sweet, exalted song,
 When ev'ry tribe and ev'ry tongue,
 Redeem'd by blood, with Christ appear,
 And join in one full chorus there !

My soul anticipates the day,
 Would stretch her wings and soar away,
 To aid the song, the palm to bear,
 And praise my great Redeemer there.

353

C. M.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints in glory reign :
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting Spring abides,
 And never-with'ring flow'rs :
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heav'nly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dress'd in living green ;
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan roll'd between.

Yet tim'rous mortals start and shrink
 To cross this narrow sea ;
 And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.

When I ascend where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Can fright me from the shore.

*Doxologies.***354**

L. M.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise :
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
 Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
 Eternal truth attends thy word :
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

355

L. M.

GLORY, honor, praise, and power,
 Be unto the Lamb for ever ;
 Jesus Christ is our Redgemer,
 Hallelujah ! praise the Lord.

356

L. M.

GRACE !—'tis a sweet, a charming theme ;
 My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name ;
 Ye angels, dwell upon the sound,
 Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.
 Soon may I reach that happy place,
 Where he unveils his lovely face !
 His heavenly beauties to behold,
 And sing his name to harps of gold.

357

8-7's.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favor,
 Rest upon us from above.

Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord ;
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

358

7's.

NOW may he, who from the dead
 Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
 Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
 All our souls in safety keep.

May he teach us to fulfil
 What is pleasing in his sight ;
 Perfect us in all his will,
 And preserve us day and night.
 To that dear Redeemer's praise,
 Who the covenant sealed with blood,
 Let our hearts and voices raise
 Loud thanksgivings to our God.

359

8's.

'TIS Jesus the Lord we adore—
 Our faithful, unchangeable friend—
 Whose love is as large as his power,
 And neither knows measure nor end.
 'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
 Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home ;
 We praise him for all that is past,
 We trust him for all that's to come.

Miscellany.

360

C. M.

A GAIN the Lord of life and light
 Awakes the kindling ray,
 Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
 And pours increasing day.
 O what a night was that which wrapped
 The heathen world in gloom !
 O what a Sun arose this day
 Triumphant from the tomb !
 This day be grateful homage paid,
 And loud hosannas sung ;
 Let gladness dwell in every heart,
 And praise on every tongue.

Still millions saved shall praises sing,
 On this returning morn,
 While gospel truth shall pardon bring
 To nations yet unborn.

361

L. M.

ALL other sounds discordant seem,
 Compar'd with mercy's heav'nly song ;
 So sweet and joyful is the theme,
 It bears our willing souls along.

O may we never cease to hear
 The voice that gives our conscience rest ;
 That dissipates our guilty fear,
 And tells us we are truly blest.

May mercy still remove our fear,
 And bind our souls with chords of love !
 Mercy that soothes our sorrows here,
 And gives us hope of joys above.

362

C. M.

AS Jesus died and rose again
 Victorious from the dead,
 So shall disciples rise and reign
 With their triumphant Head.

The time draws nigh, when in the clouds
 Christ shall with power descend ;
 And the last trumpet's awful voice
 The heavens and earth shall rend.

Then shall his saints who live be changed,
 And those who sleep shall wake ;
 The graves shall yield their ancient charge,
 And earth's foundations shake.

Th' assembled saints, from death set free,
 With joy shall mount on high ;
 The heavenly host, with praises loud,
 Shall meet them in the sky.

Together to our Father's house.
Triumphant we shall go,
To dwell for ever with the Lord,
Beyond the reach of woe.

363

C. M.

AWAKE, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigor on ;
A heav'nly race demands your zeal,
And an immortal crown.

'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

A cloud of witnesses around
Holds thee in full survey ;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have we our race begun ;
And crown'd with vict'ry at thy feet
We'll lay our honors down.

364

L. M.

BRIGHT King of heaven ! Almighty God !
Our spirits bow before thy seat ;
To thee we lift our humble thought,
And worship low before thy feet.

A thousand seraphs, strong and bright,
Stand round the glorious Deity ;
But who, among the sons of light,
Pretends comparison with thee ?

Lo ! the blessed name of Christ our King,
With equal honor is adored ;
His loving sway we gladly sing ;
May all the nations own him Lord.

365

8-7's.

CHRIST, with holy power anointed,
 Hath the full atonement made ;
 He, the sacrifice appointed,
 Suffered in transgressors' stead.

Hail ! thou now exalted Saviour,
 Thou hast borne our sin and shame ;
 Through thy sorrows we find favor,
 Yea, forgiveness through thy name.

Thou, High Priest, art ever pleading—
 For us dost prepare a place—
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till we see thee face to face.

Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive ;
 Praises high and never ceasing,
 Shall thy grateful people give.

366

8-6's.

COME, let us sing the coming fate
 Of mystic Babylon the Great—
 Her doom is drawing near :
 Jesus now comes on earth to reign,
 His cause and people to maintain—
 For them he'll soon appear.

Before him flows a fiery stream,
 The heav'ns above with lightnings gleam,
 A thousand thunders roar :
 A heav'nly host with him descends,
 His voice to all the earth extends,
 His saints now grieve no more.

Eclips'd by glory so divine,
 Sun, moon, and stars refuse to shine,
 The spheres now cease to roll :

Earth, wrapt in darkness deep as night,
With horror stricken at the sight,
Now quakes from pole to pole.

Angels of light, at his command,
Ten thousand times ten thousand, stand
Waiting his voice to hear :
The fiery cherubs spread their wings,
The heav'n with loud hosannas rings,
While all his saints draw near.

The day of recompense has come,
His people all are gath'ring home,
With joy they hear his voice :
The promis'd curse, the threaten'd woes
Combin'd, now fall upon his foes,
The martyrs all rejoice.

She who the Twelve Apostles griev'd,
And by her sorceries deceiv'd
All nations of the world,
Now looks with anguish at their bliss,
Then sinks into the vast abyss,
To endless ruin hurl'd.

The living saints, and all the dead,
Now gather round their glorious Head,
And reign with him below,
An endless age of perfect peace,
Of love, and joy, and righteousness,
Exempt from ev'ry woe.

Then let us keep the end in view,
And ever on our way pursue,
The crown is yet before :
A few short days the conflict's done,
The battle's fought, the prize is won,
And we shall toil no more.

367

C. M.

COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
 Inspire each lifeless tongue ;
 And let the joys of heav'n impart
 Their influence to our song.

Then to the shining realms of bliss
 The wings of faith shall soar,
 And all the charms of Paradise
 Our raptur'd thoughts explore.

There shall the foll'wers of the Lamb
 Join in immortal songs,
 And endless honors to his name
 Employ their tuneful tongues.

Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love ;
 Our feeble notes inspire,
 Till, in thy blissful courts above,
 We join the heav'nly choir.

368

L. M.

COME, worship at Immanuel's feet ;
 Behold in him what wonders meet !
 Through all his word and works we trace
 His wisdom, glory, power, and grace.

He is the Sun of Righteousness,
 Diffusing light, and joy, and peace ;
 Rising, with healing in his wings,
 Eternal life to us he brings.

He is the Head : each member lives,
 And growth and strength from him derives,
 Till the whole body shall attain
 The stature of a perfect man.

He is the Bread that came from heaven,
 To us by God the Father given ;
 The flesh of Christ is living bread,
 His precious blood is drink indeed.

369

8-7-4.

COME, you sinners, poor and needy,
 Come—'tis mercy's welcome hour,
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love, and pow'r :
 He is able,
 He is willing—doubt no more.

Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
 All the fitness he requireth,
 Is to feel your need of him :
 This he gives you,
 'Tis the Saviour's rising beam.

Come, you weary, heavy laden,
 Bruis'd and mangled by the fall ;
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all.
 Not the righteous—
 Sinners Jesus came to call.

Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo ! your Saviour prostrate lies !
 On the bloody tree behold him :
 Hear him cry before he dies,
 " It is finish'd !"
 Sinners, will not this suffice ?

Lo ! the rising Lord, ascending,
 Pleads the virtue of his blood :
 Venture on him, venture freely,
 Let no other trust intrude :
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.

Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb,

While the blissful realms of heaven
 Sweetly echo to his name :
 Hallelujah !
 Sinners now his love proclaim.

370

C. M.

DEAR brethren, come, draw near to God,
 With songs of sacred praise ;
 For he is good, immensely good,
 And just are all his ways.

All Nature owns his guardian care ;
 In him we live and move ;
 But nobler benefits declare
 The wonder of his love.

He gave his Son, his only Son,
 To ransom rebel worms ;
 'Tis here he makes his goodness known
 In its diviner forms.

371

L. M.

ETERNAL Power ! whose high abode
 Becomes the grandeur of a God :
 Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
 Where stars revolve their little rounds.

Thee, while the first archangel sings,
 He hides his face behind his wings,
 And ranks of shining thrones around
 Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

Lord, what shall earth and ashes do ?
 We would adore our Maker too ;
 From sin and dust to thee we cry,
 The Great, the Holy, and the High.

Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
 And worms have learnt to lisp thy name ;
 But oh ! the glories of thy mind
 Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

God is in heaven, and men below ;
 Be short our tunes—our words be few ;
 A solemn reverence checks our songs,
 And praise sits silent on our tongues.

372

L. M.

FATHER of all, thy care we bless,
 Which crowns our families with peace ;
 From thee they spring, and by thy hand
 They have been, and are still sustain'd.

To God, most worthy to be prais'd,
 Be our domestic altars rais'd ;
 Who, Lord of heav'n, scorns not to dwell
 With saints in their obscurest cell.

To thee may each united house
 Morning and night present its vows ;
 Our servants there, and rising race
 Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.

373

L. M.

GOD from the dead has rais'd his Son ;
 Death and the power of hell are spoil'd ;
 Justice declares the work is done,
 And God and man are reconcil'd.

Christians, for whom the Lord was slain,
 Give to his name the glory due ;
 O let his love your hearts constrain
 To live for him who died for you.

Earth's empty toys no more esteem,
 Your minds from worldly thoughts remove ;
 Let your affections rise with him,
 And set your hearts on things above.

374

6-8's.

GREAT God ! this sacred day of thine
 Demands the soul's collected powers ;

With joy we now to thee resign
 The solemn, consecrated hours :
 Our grateful souls, adoring, own
 The grace that calls us to thy throne.

All-seeing God ! thy piercing eye
 Can every secret thought explore ;
 May worldly cares our bosoms fly,
 And where thou art intrude no more :
 Thy Spirit's gracious aid impart ;
 Exalt our souls and fix each heart.

May grace our spirits sweetly move ;
 And, by thy word of life divine,
 Engage our hearts, excite our love,
 That this blest day may all be thine :
 Lord Jesus, we, adoring, own
 The grace that calls us to thy throne.

375

C. M.

HOSANNA to the Prince of life !
 Who clothed himself in clay,
 Entered the iron gates of death,
 And tore the bars away.

Hosanna to our conqu'ring King !
 Thy praise through time shall run,
 And everlasting ages sing
 The triumphs thou hast won.

376

S. M.

HOW honor'd is the place,
 Where we adoring stand,
 Zion the glory of the earth,
 And beauty of the land.

Bulwarks of grace defend
 The city where we dwell ;
 While walls of strong salvation made,
 Defy th' assaults of hell.

Lift up th' eternal gates,
 The doors wide open fling ;
 Enter, ye nations, that obey
 The statutes of your King.

Here taste unmingled joys,
 And live in perfect peace ;
 You that have known Jehovah's name,
 And ventur'd on his grace.

Trust in the Lord, ye saints,
 And banish all your fears,
 Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
 Eternal as his years.

377

L. M.

IMMORTAL God ! on thee we call,
 The great original of all !
 Through thee we are, to thee we tend,
 Our sure support, our glorious end.

We praise thy wise, mysterious grace,
 That pitied our revolted race,
 And Jesus, our great cov'nant head,
 The Captain of salvation made.

Thy justice doom'd that he should die,
 Who for our sins would satisfy ;
 His death was therefore fix'd of old,
 And in thy word of truth foretold.

A scene of wonders here we see,
 Worthy thy Son, and worthy thee ;
 And while this theme employs our tongues,
 All heav'n unites its sweetest songs.

378

L. M.

JESUS, immortal King, go on,
 The glorious day will soon be won ;
 Thine enemies before thee flee,
 And leave a conquered world to thee.

By thee we're taught in hope to pray—
 "Thy kingdom come"—th' eternal day :
 As angels do before thy throne,
 So "Let thy will on earth be done."

Then shall contending nations rest,
 For love shall reign in every breast ;
 Weapons for war designed shall cease,
 Or change to implements of peace.

Hark ! how the hosts triumphant sing—
 "The Lord omnipotent is King !"
 We then shall rise and join the song ;
 "Earth's utmost ends to Christ belong !"

379

C. M.

JESUS, our refuge and our hope,
 Our helper ever near,
 Thy grace and mercy hold us up,
 In answer to our prayer.

Thy counsels shall conduct our feet
 Through all th' appointed road ;
 Thine hand shall bring us to thy scat,
 Our safe and blest abode.

No portion here on earth we prize,
 Possessing all in thee ;
 To heaven itself we long to rise,
 Thy face divine to see.

The springs of health shall soon run dry,
 Our heart and flesh shall fail ;
 But thou, our strength, will still be nigh,
 And bid us fear no ill.

In life, in death, be thou our trust,
 Until thy mighty voice
 Shall call us from our beds of dust,
 To thrones above the skies.

380

C. M.

JESUS, upon his Father's throne
 Shall, crown'd with glory, sit,
 Till all the nations kiss the Son,
 And worship at his feet.

God's word is truth, and ne'er will he
 Repent the oath he swore—
 That Christ, his Son, a Priest should be,
 To save us evermore.

Now, as a Priest, our Jesus lives,
 To intercede above ;
 Now, as a King, he ever gives
 The blessings of his love.

God, who exalted high his head,
 His glorious throne maintains ;
 Christ is the heir of all things made,
 And Royal Priest he reigns.

381

C. M.

JESUS, who on his glorious throne,
 Rules heaven, and earth, and sea,
 Is pleas'd to claim me for his own,
 And give himself for me.

Himself he gives to be my food ;
 His faithful word my guide ;
 Thus daily is my strength renewed,
 And all my wants supplied.

His love constrains my soul to love ;
 His truth dispels my fear ;
 He intercedes for me above ;
 He guards me safely here.

For this, I'll count as gain each loss,
 And cleave to Christ alone ;
 Well may I glory in his cross,
 While he prepares my crown.

382

C. M.

LET not your hearts with anxious thoughts
 Be troubled or dismay'd :
 But trust in God your Father's care,
 And trust my gracious aid.

I to my Father's house return ;
 There num'rous mansions stand,
 And glory manifold abounds
 Through all the happy land.

I go your entrance to secure,
 And your abode prepare ;
 Regions unknown are safe to you,
 When I, your friend, am there.

Thence shall I come when ages close,
 To take you home with me ;
 There shall we meet to part no more,
 Where sorrows ne'er shall be.

383

C. M.

LORD, when together here we meet,
 And taste thy heav'nly grace,
 Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
 We're loath to leave the place.

Yet, Father, since it is thy will
 That we must part again,
 O let thy gracious presence still
 With ev'ry one remain !

Thus let all in Christ be one,
 Bound with the chords of love,
 Till we, around thy glorious throne,
 Shall joyous meet above.

Where sin and sorrow from each heart
 Shall then for ever fly,
 And not one thought that we shall part
 Once intercept our joy.

I am the Way, the Truth, the Life ;
 No son of human race,
 But such as I conduct and guide,
 Shall see my Father's face.

384

C. M.

NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
 Nor sense nor reason known,
 What Joys the Father has prepar'd
 For those that love his Son.

But the good Spirit of the Lord
 Reveals a heav'n to come ;
 The beams of glory in his word
 Allure and guide us home.

Pure are the joys above the sky,
 And all the region peace :
 No wanton lip, nor envious eye
 Can see or taste the bliss.

These holy gates for ever bar
 Pollution, sin, and shame ;
 And none shall gain admittance there
 But foll'wers of the Lamb.

385

L. M.

NOW to the Lord, who makes us know
 The wonders of his dying love,
 Be humble honors paid below,
 And strains of nobler praise above.

To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
 To Jesus, our exalted King,
 Be everlasting power confessed,
 And every tongue his praises sing.

386

C. M.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
 A heart from sin set free,
 A heart that always feels the blood
 So freely shed for me.

A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
 My great Redeemer's throne,
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone.

O, for a lowly, contrite heart,
 Confiding, true, and clean,
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From him that dwells within.

A heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,
 And full of love divine,
 Perfect and right, and pure and good,
 A copy, Lord, of thine.

Thy presence, gracious Lord, impart,
 Direct me from above,
 May thy dear name be near my heart,
 That dear, best name is Love.

387

C. M.

ON Jordon's stormy banks I stand,
 And cast a wishful eye
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,
 Where my possessions lie.

O the transporting, rapt'rous scene,
 That rises to my sight !
 Sweet fields array'd in living green,
 And rivers of delight !

No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath
 Can reach that healthful shore ;
 Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
 Are felt and fear'd no more.

When shall I reach that happy place,
 And be for ever blest ?
 When shall I see my Father's face,
 And in his bosom rest ?

Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
 Would here no longer stay ;
 Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
 Fearless I'd launch away.

388

L. M.

OUR Father, God, who art in heaven,
 To thy great name be reverence given ;
 Thy peaceful kingdom wide extend,
 And reign, O Lord, till time shall end.

Thy sacred will on earth be done,
 As 'tis by angels round thy throne ;
 And let us ev'ry day be fed,
 With earthly and with heav'nly bread.

Our sins forgive, and teach us thus
 To pardon those who injure us ;
 Our shield in all temptations prove,
 And every evil far remove.

Thine is the kingdom to control,
 And thine the power to save the soul ;
 Great be the glory of thy reign,
 Let every creature say, Amen.

389

7's.

PILGRIMS journeying heavenward, we
 Raise a song of thanks to thee :
 Zion's Bridegroom, Israel's King,
 Kindly hear the praise we sing.

Burdened slaves ! delighted, we
 Heard thy voice, " Go forth, be free !"
 Went forth, guided by thy word,
 Trusting, following the Lord.

Glad we see thy beauties shine,
 Glorious, perfect, all divine :
 See thy wisdom, riches, powers,
 Glad, because as thine they're ours.

We thy names and honors take—
 (All count loss for Jesus' sake)—
 Made thy Bride, thy Salem free—
 Made God's righteousness in thee.

In thy love with joy we press
 Onward to behold thy face;
 Free from darkness, sin, and clay,
 Glorious in eternal day.

390

7's.

SAINTS redeemed by Jesus' blood,
 Sing the wondrous praise of God;
 Christ our sin and curse sustained,
 Smitten by his Father's hand.

Now our Saviour's love we taste,
 Called by him to keep the feast;
 To receive, by grace, through faith,
 All the blessings of his death.

Soon the trump of God shall sound,
 Gath'ring all his saints around;
 Then his voice shall call us home;
 So, even so, Lord Jesus, come.

391

L. M.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
 To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
 To show thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all thy truth at night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
 No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
 Oh may my heart in tune be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn sound.

My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
 And bless his works, and praise his word;
 His works of grace, how bright they shine!
 How deep his counsels—how divine!

O may I share a glorious part
 When grace has well refined my heart,
 When fresh supplies of joy are shed
 Like holy oil upon my head.

Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
 All I've desired or wished below ;
 And every power find sweet employ
 In that eternal world of joy.

392

8-7-4.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
 Which before the cross we spend ;
 Life, and health, and peace possessing,
 From the dying sinner's friend ;
 Hallelujah ! hallelujah !
 From the dying sinner's friend.

Truly blessed is our station,
 Low before his cross we lie ;
 While we see divine compassion
 Beaming in his gracious eye.
 Hallelujah ! hallelujah !
 From the dying sinner's friend.

Love and grief our hearts dividing,
 With our tears his feet we'll bathe ;
 Constant still, in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from his death.
 Hallelujah ! hallelujah !
 From the dying sinner's friend.

May we still enjoy this feeling,
 Still to our Redeemer go,
 Prove his wounds each day more healing,
 And himself more truly know,
 Hallelujah ! hallelujah !
 From the dying sinner's friend.

393

S. M.

THE Lord our Shepherd is,
 We shall be well supplied ;
 Since he is ours, and we are his,
 What can we want beside ?

He leads us to the place
 Where heavenly pasture grows—
 Where living waters gently pass,
 And full salvation flows.

If e'er we go astray,
 He doth our souls reclaim,
 And guides us in his own right way,
 For his most holy name.

While he affords his aid,
 We cannot yield to fear ;
 Tho' we shall walk thro' death's dark shade,
 He will be with us there.

The bounties of thy love,
 Shall crown our future days :
 Nor from thy ways will we remove,
 Nor cease to speak thy praise.

394

S. M.

THIS world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh ;
 'Tis not the whole of life to live,
 Nor all of death to die.

Beyond this vale of tears
 There is a life above,
 Unmeasured by the flight of years ;
 And all that life is love.

There is a death whose pang
 Outlasts the fleeting breath ;
 O what eternal horrors hang
 Around that awful death !

Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be driven from thy face,
And evermore undone.

395

C. M.

THROUGH endless years thou art the same,
O thou eternal God ;
Each future age shall know thy name,
And tell thy works abroad.

The strong foundations of the earth,
Of old by thee were laid ;
By thee the beauteous arch of heav'n
With matchless skill was made.

Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Created by thy hand,
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
And chang'd at thy command,

But thy perfections, all divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine,
With undiminish'd rays.

396

L. M.

“**T**O be with Christ”—amazing grace !
To see my heavenly Father's face
Arrayed for me in blissful smiles—
The purchase of my Saviour's toils.

“To be with Christ,” who bare the cross,
To think of all his pain and curse,
When suffering in a world of woe,
That I might to his glory go.

“To be with Christ”—to look, to gaze—
To speak his love, to sing his praise ;
To sweep the harp through all its strings,
In honor of the King of kings.

"To be with Christ," enthroned above ;
To know the heights and depths of love :
'Tis better far for me to fly,
And be with Christ, my Lord, on high.

397

L. M.

WHAT sinners value I resign ;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine :
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

This life's a dream, an empty show ;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere :
When shall I wake and find me there ?

O glorious hour ! O bless'd abode !
I shall be near, and like my God ;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

THE END.







